

DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

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DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

YEAH, HORNEAD--
I KILLED THAT CREEP,
JUST LIKE I'M GONNA
KILL **YOU!** Y'SEE--

**BULLSEYE
NEVER MISSES!**

HE'S GOT THE
DROP ON ME--
AND THERE'S
NO WAY I CAN
SAVE MYSELF!

**PLUS:
A
STARTLING
NEW JOB
FOR
MATT
MURDOCK!**



He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL**, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

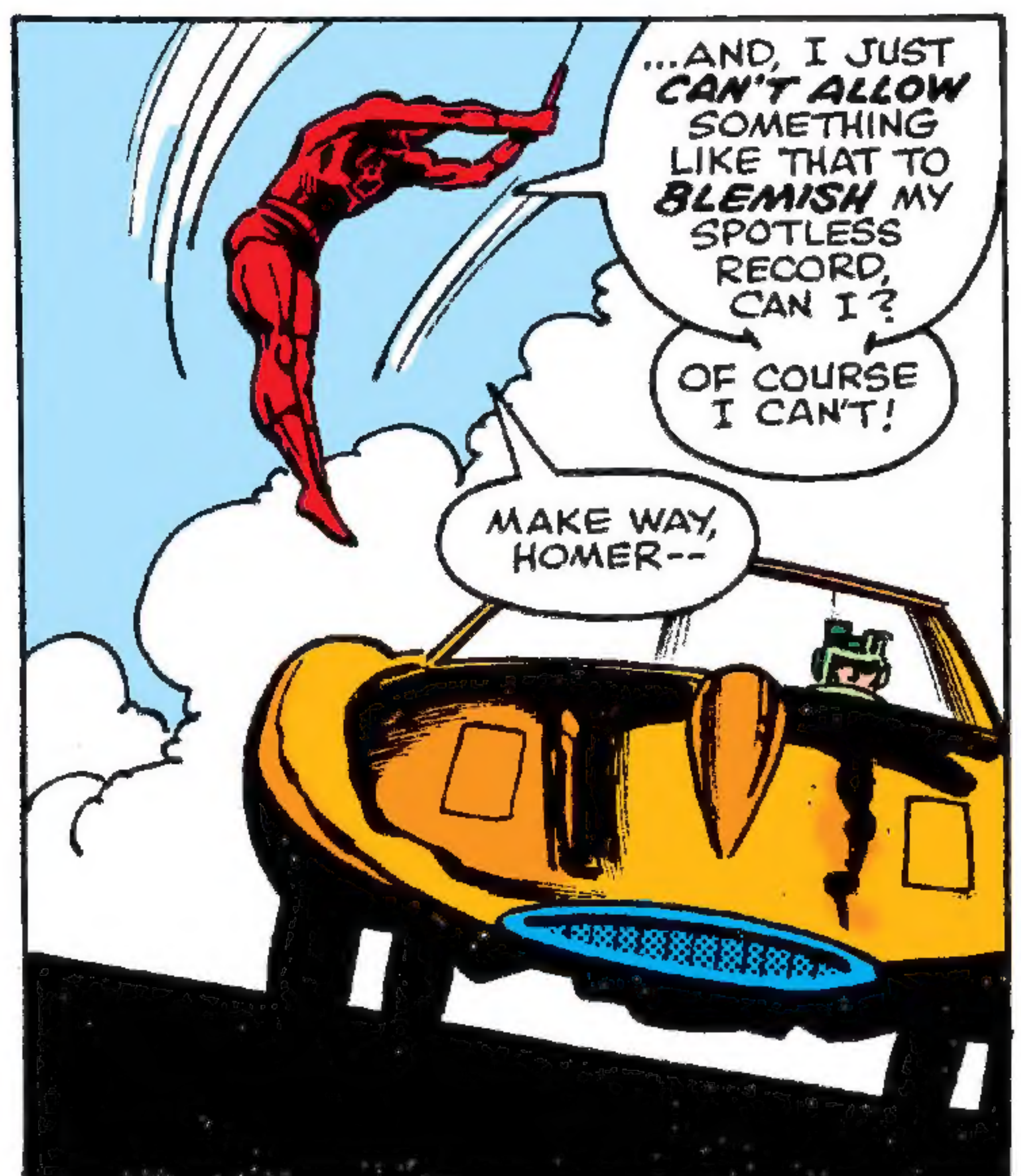
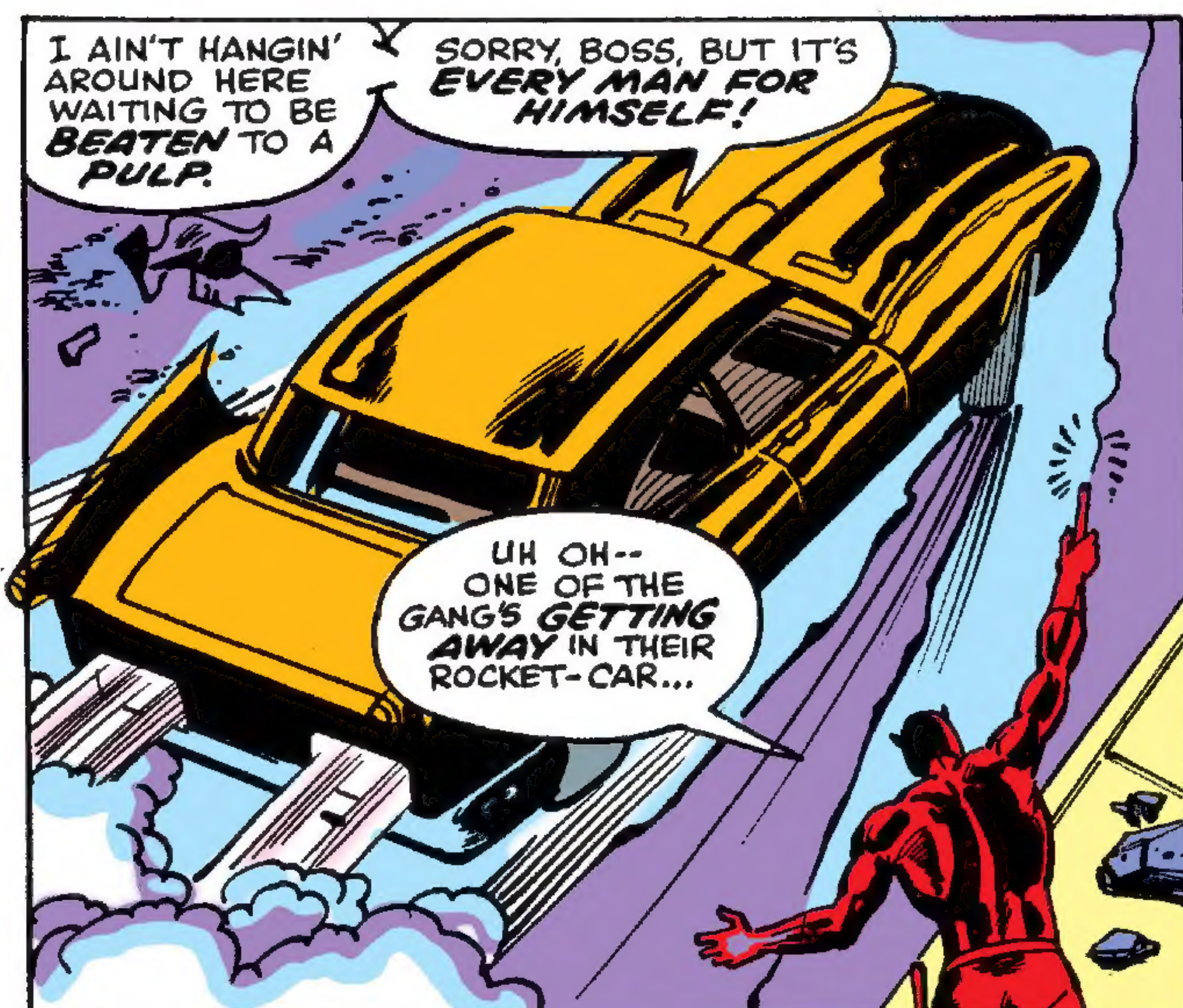
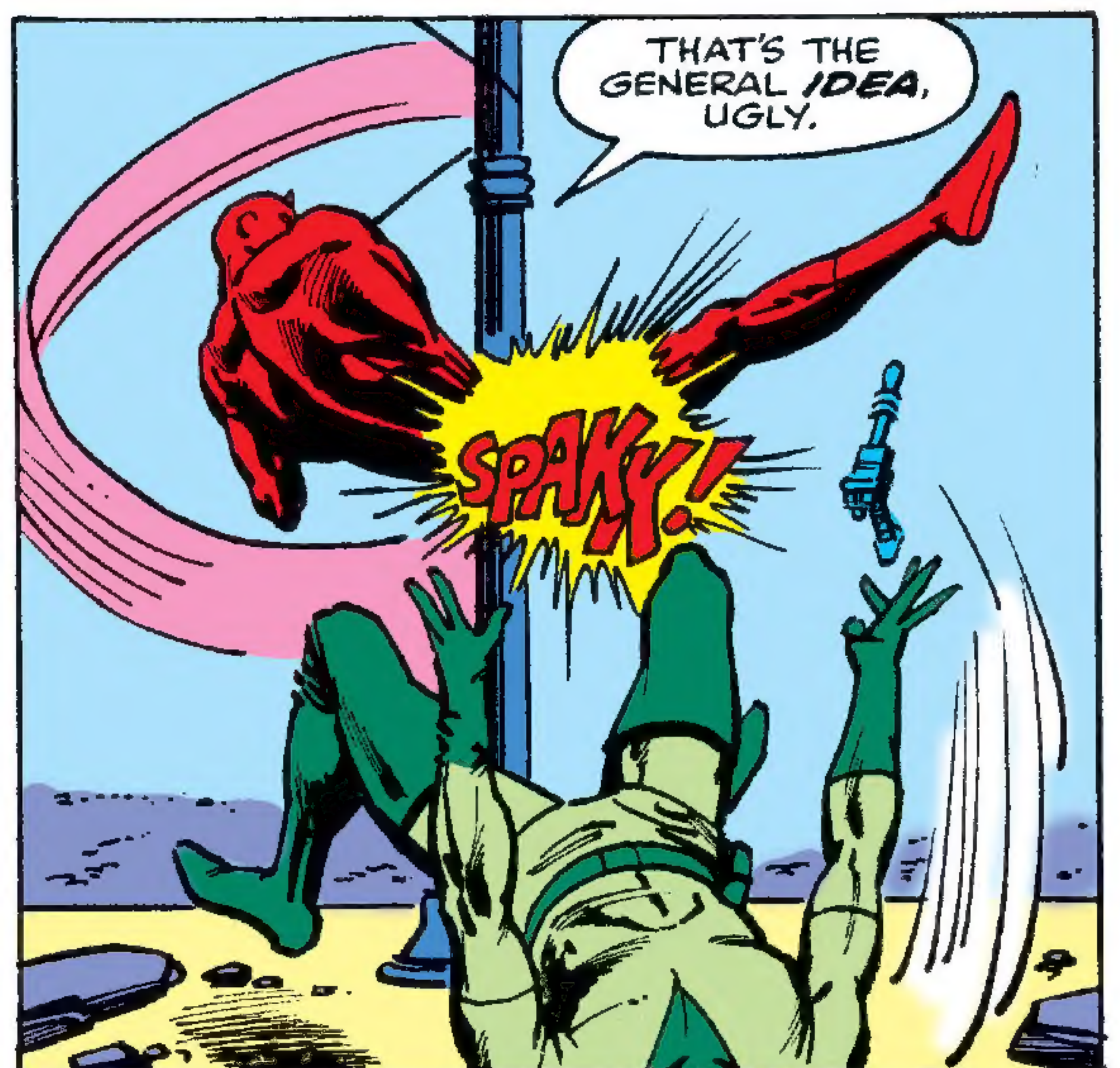
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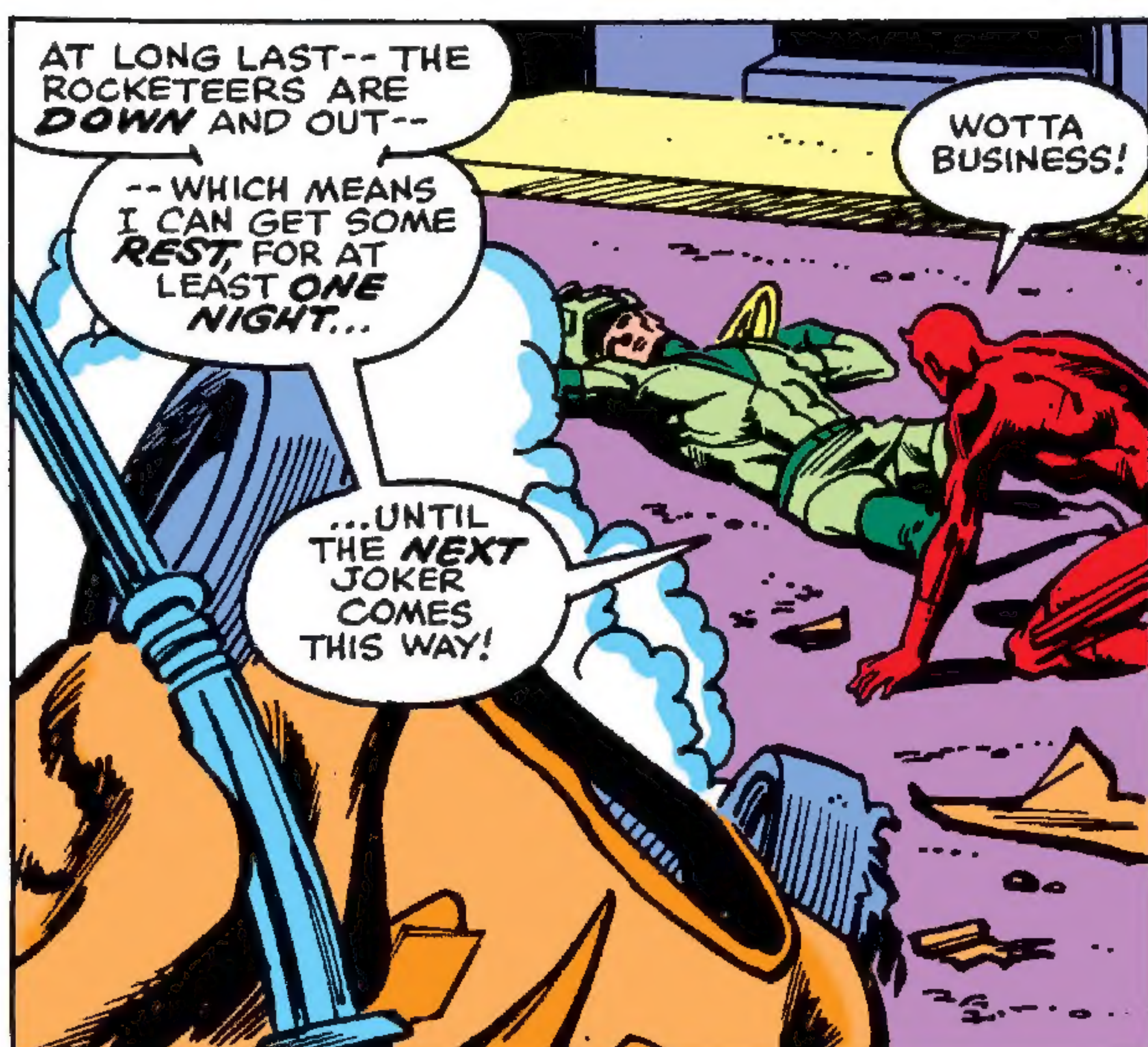
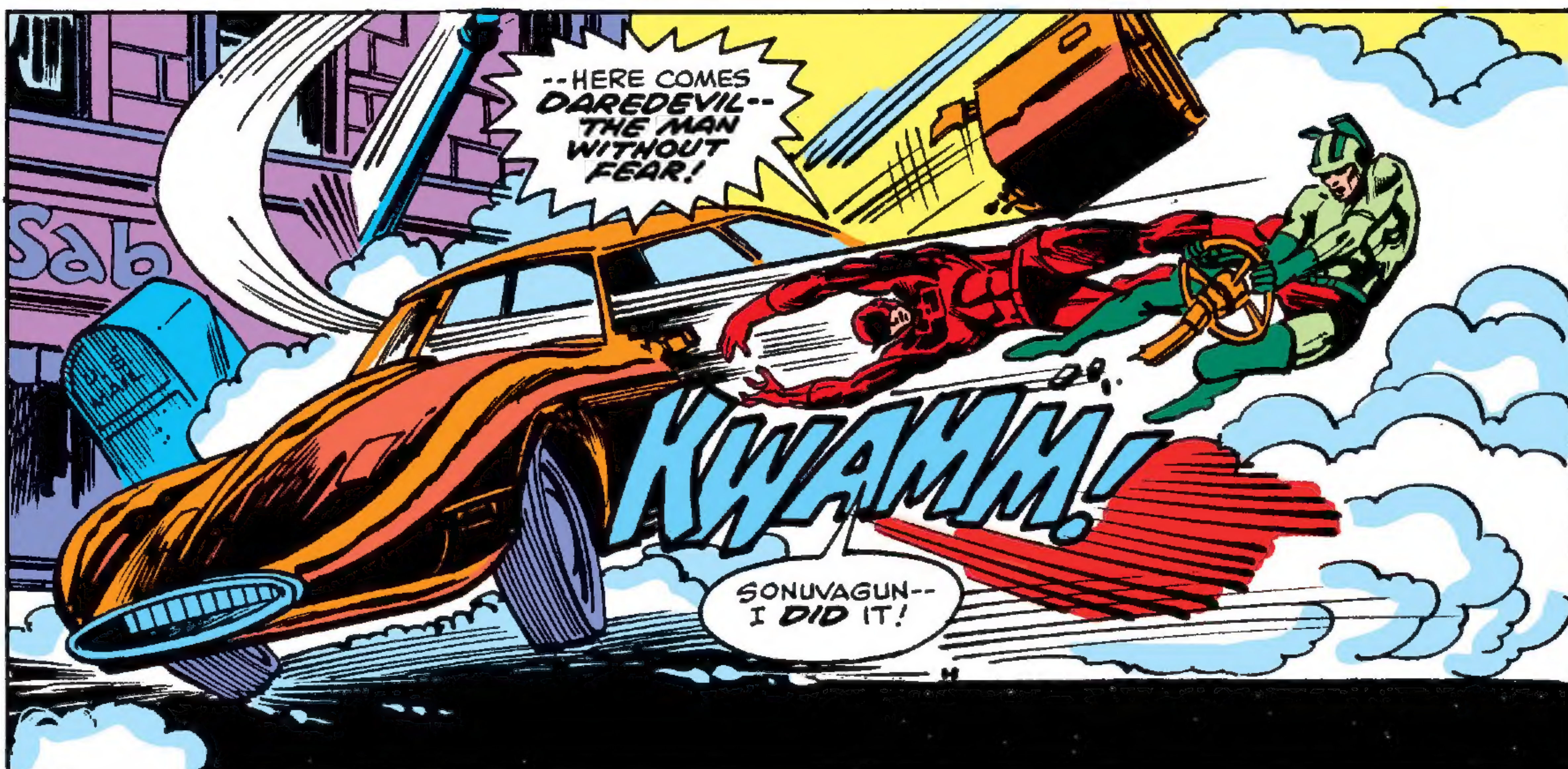
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ARTISTS

MICHELE WOLFGAN
COLORIST

JOE ROSEN
LETTERER









LET'S NOW MOVE **AHEAD** JUST A FEW HOURS...

YES, I **MEAN** IT. I DON'T MIND **LOSING** THE ELECTION. I ACTUALLY **RELISH** THE IDEA OF **FREEDOM** FROM THE POLITICAL ARENA FOR AWHILE.

AND, NO, I DON'T PLAN TO **CONTEST** THE ELECTION-RESULTS BASED ON THOSE, EH, **COMMERCIALS**.

TAKE A **SEAT**, WILL YOU, MRS. GILHARDT?

I BELIEVE THE POLICE **AND** THE NEW D.A. WILL HANDLE THE INQUIRY.

OF **COURSE** YOU CAN QUOTE ME, ERIC. GOOD DAY.

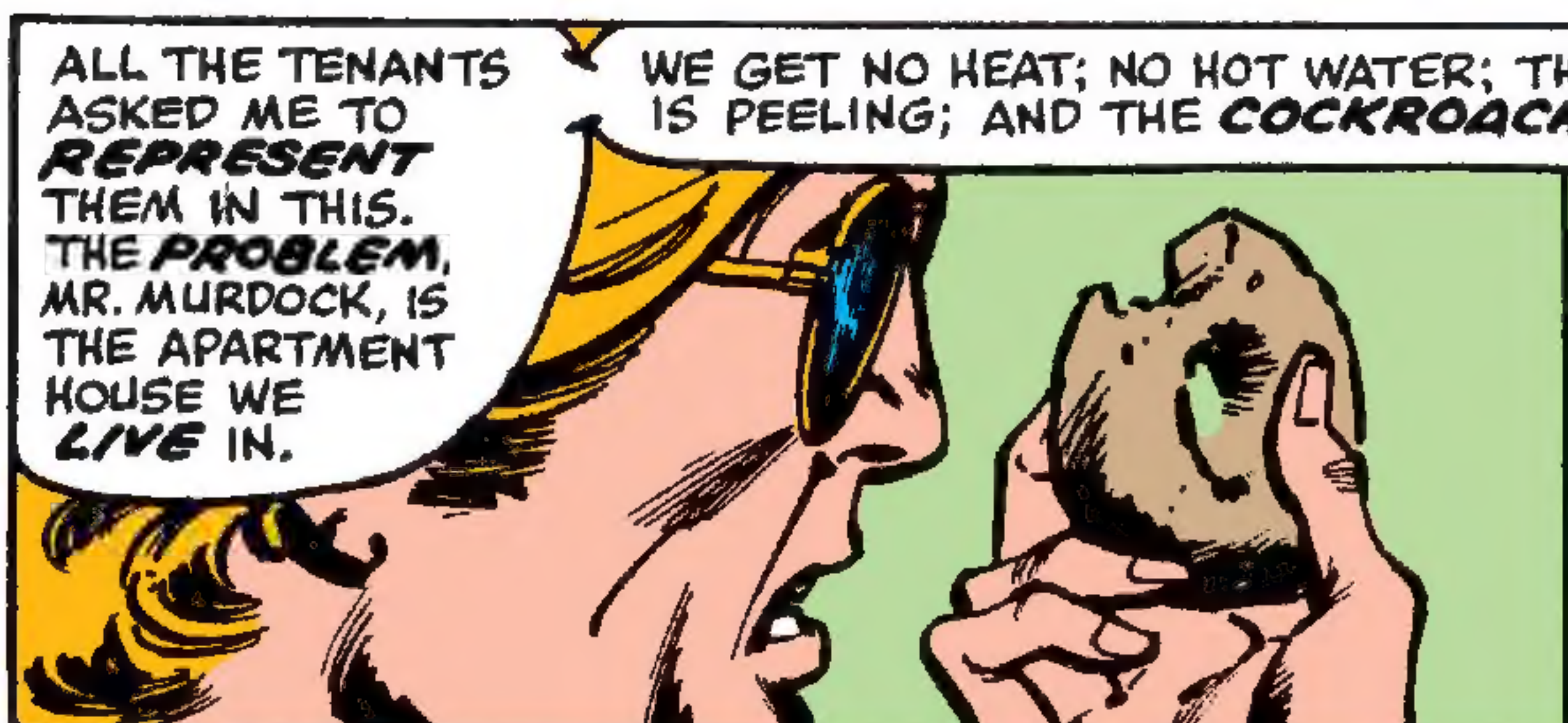


MATT, MRS. GILHARDT-- CARE FOR SOME **COFFEE** AND **DOUGHNUTS**?

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT **YOU**, BUT I JUST CAN'T FUNCTION TILL I'VE HAD **SOMETHING**.

SURE, HEATHER-- POUR ON!

YOU'RE A DEAR GIRL. I **WILL** HAVE SOME, IF YOU DON'T MIND.



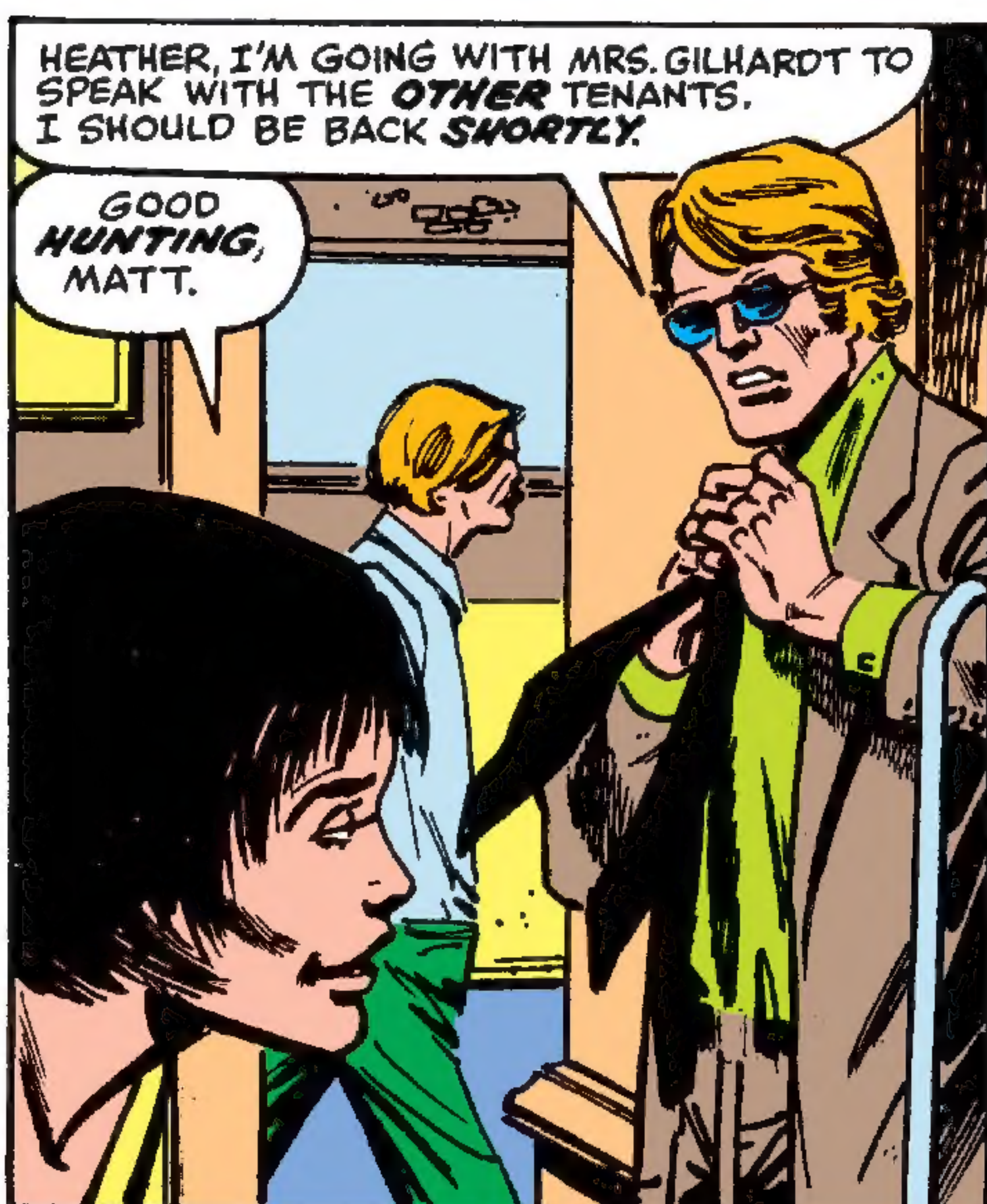
ALL THE TENANTS ASKED ME TO **REPRESENT** THEM IN THIS. THE **PROBLEM**, MR. MURDOCK, IS THE APARTMENT HOUSE WE **LIVE** IN.

WE GET NO HEAT; NO HOT WATER; THE PLASTER IS PEELING; AND THE **COCKROACHES**--



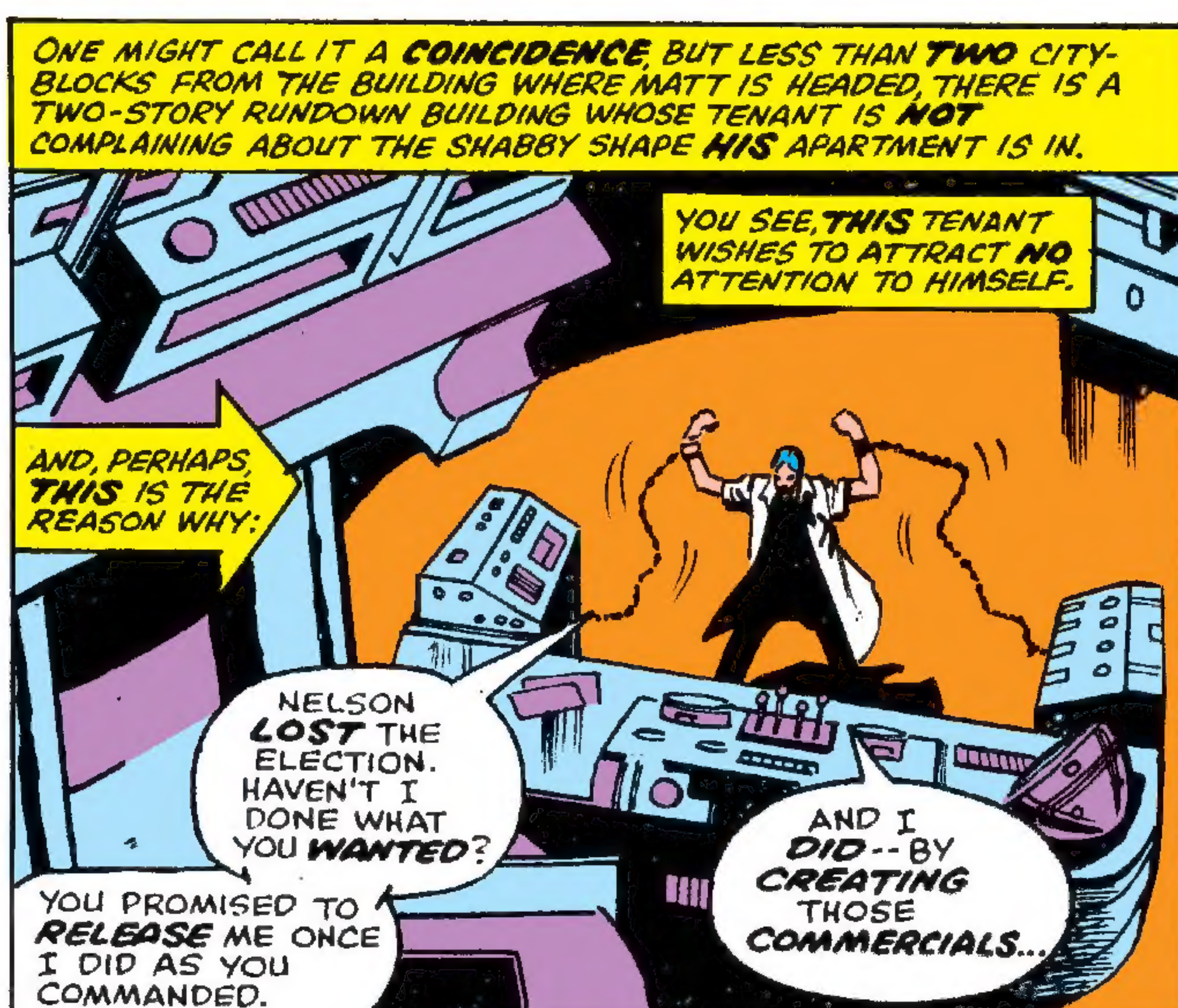
--THEY'RE ALMOST AS BIG AS **RATS**. AND, I'D **HATE** TO TELL YOU HOW BIG THE **RATS** ARE.

IN SHORT, MR. MURDOCK, WE TENANTS **NEED** A LAWYER TO HELP US FIND AND **PROSECUTE** THE OWNER--**WHOEVER** HE IS.



HEATHER, I'M GOING WITH MRS. GILHARDT TO SPEAK WITH THE **OTHER** TENANTS. I SHOULD BE BACK **SHORTLY**.

GOOD **HUNTING**, MATT.



ONE MIGHT CALL IT A **COINCIDENCE**, BUT LESS THAN **TWO** CITY-BLOCKS FROM THE BUILDING WHERE MATT IS HEADED, THERE IS A TWO-STORY RUNDOWN BUILDING WHOSE TENANT IS **NOT** COMPLAINING ABOUT THE SHABBY SHAPE **HIS** APARTMENT IS IN.

YOU SEE, **THIS** TENANT WISHES TO ATTRACT **NO** ATTENTION TO HIMSELF.

AND, PERHAPS, **THIS** IS THE REASON WHY:

NELSON **LOST** THE ELECTION. HAVEN'T I DONE WHAT YOU **WANTED**?

YOU PROMISED TO **RELEASE** ME ONCE I DID AS YOU COMMANDED.

AND I **DID**-- BY **CREATING** THOSE **COMMERCIALS**...



THERE'S **NOTHING** MORE I CAN DO FOR YOU. YOU NOW **KNOW** HOW TO OPERATE THE MACHINE.

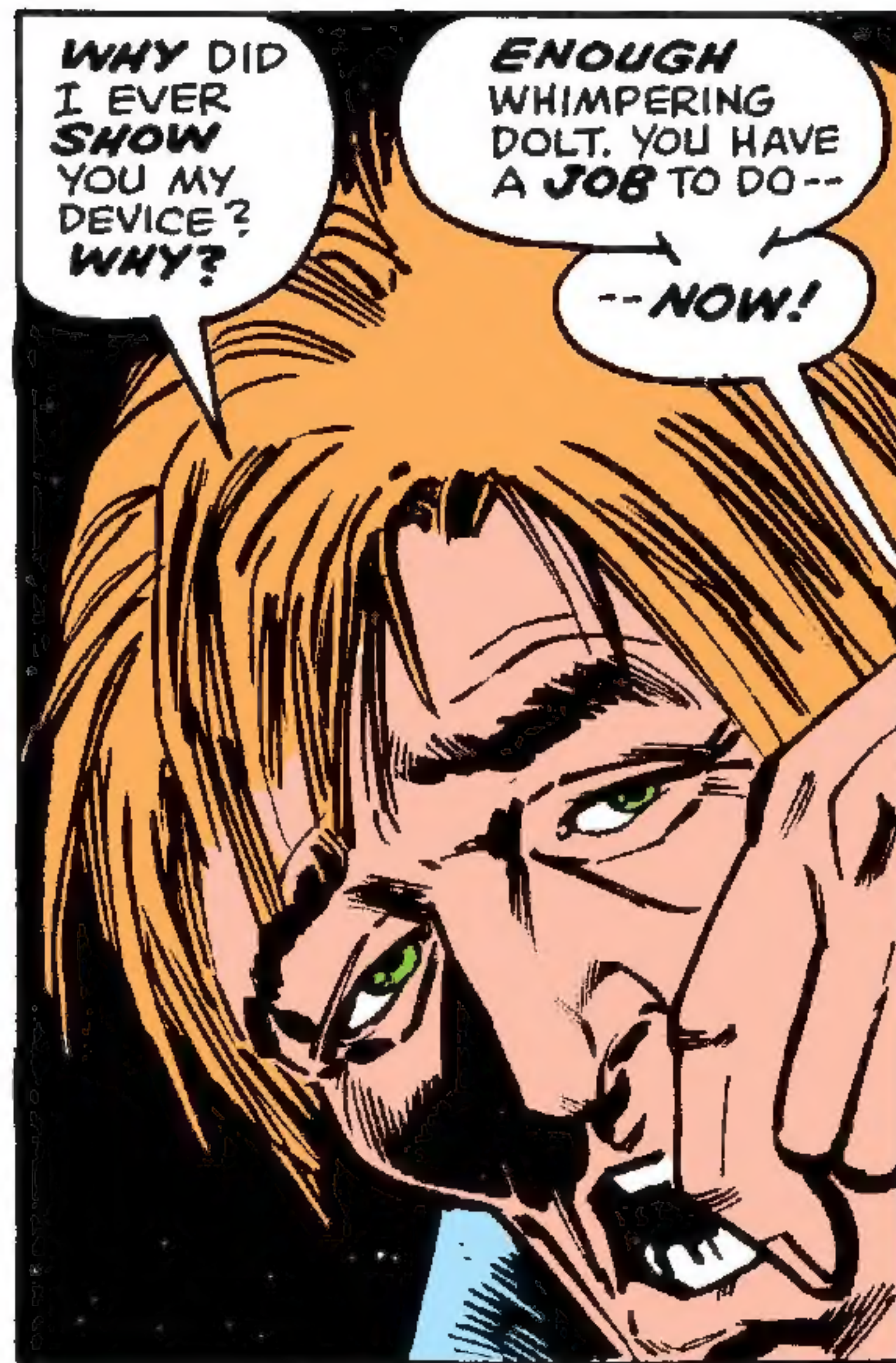
WHAT **ELSE** DO YOU WANT FROM ME BEFORE YOU **FREE** ME?



CLOD! I'LL RELEASE YOU **AFTER** I'VE FINISHED MY PLANS. **NOT** A MOMENT SOONER.

BACK TO THE **EDITOR!**

I WISH TO PREPARE **ANOTHER** BROADCAST.



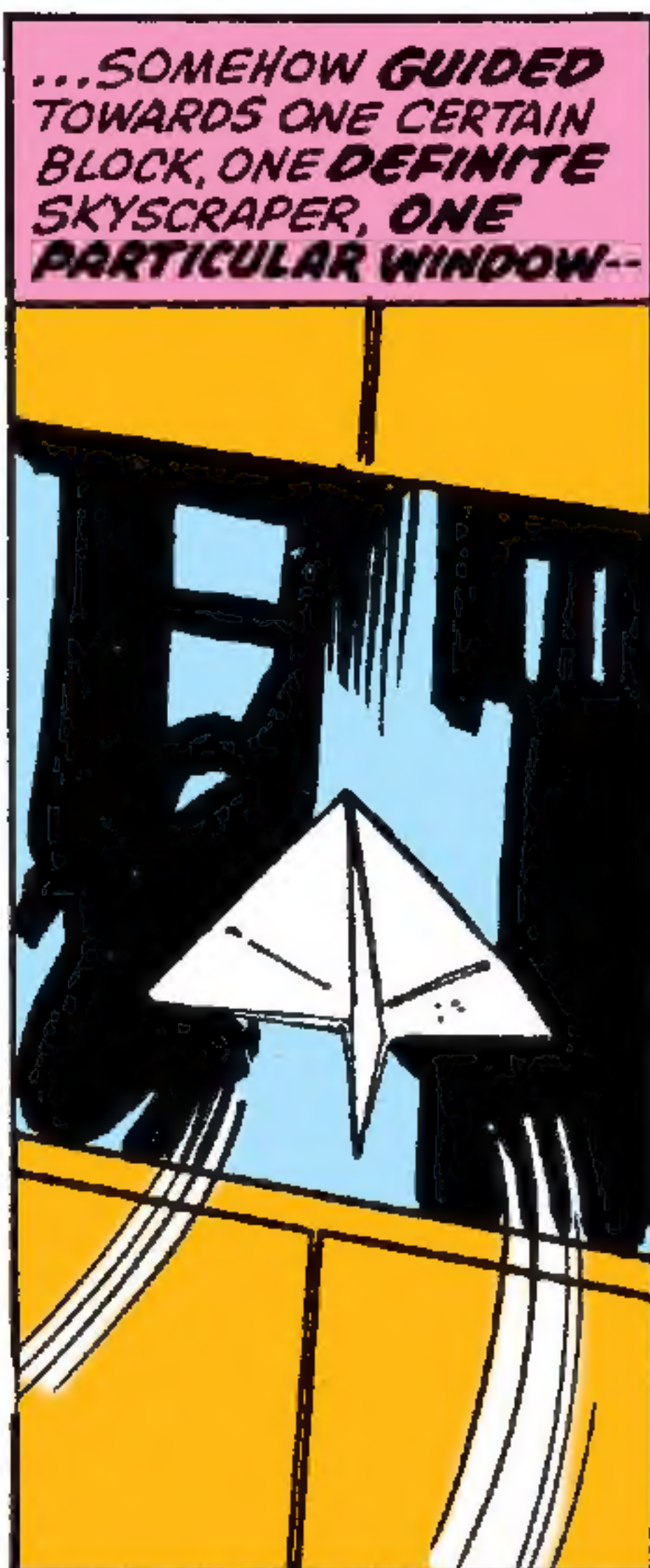
WHY DID I EVER **SHOW** YOU MY DEVICE? **WHY?**

ENOUGH WHIMPERING DOLT. YOU HAVE A **JOB** TO DO--

--**NOW!**



ABOVE THE CITY, FLOATING SILENTLY OVER THE BLARING NOISES FAR BELOW, A PAPER PLANE SOARS FORWARD...

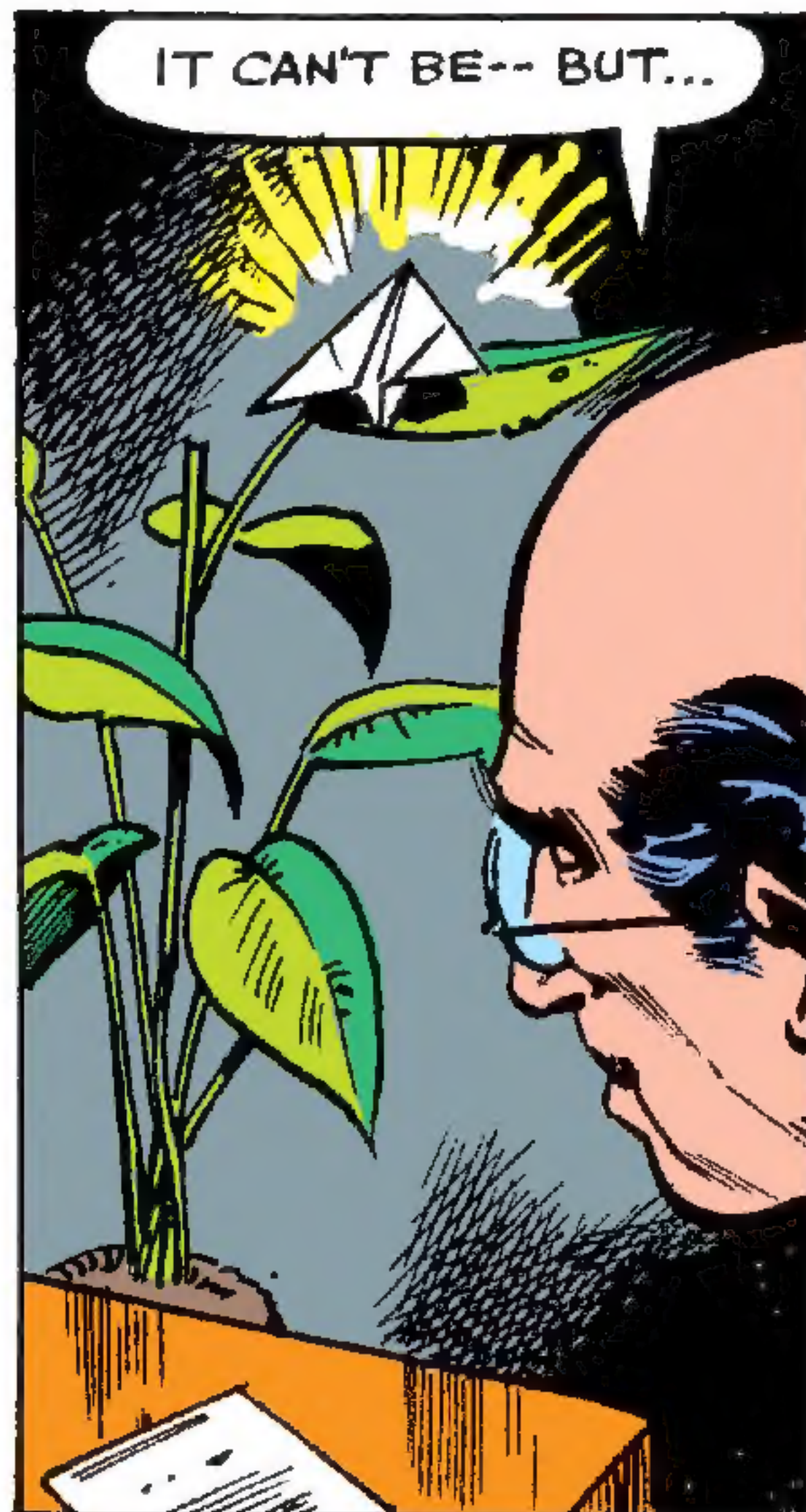


...SOMEHOW **GUIDED** TOWARDS ONE CERTAIN BLOCK, ONE **DEFINITE** SKYSCRAPER, ONE PARTICULAR WINDOW--



--AND IT MATTERS **NONE** THAT SAID WINDOW IS **CLOSED!**

WHAT?



IT CAN'T BE-- BUT...



IT IS!... A **PAPER PLANE!**

BUT **HOW** COULD IT BREAK THROUGH MY **WINDOW?**

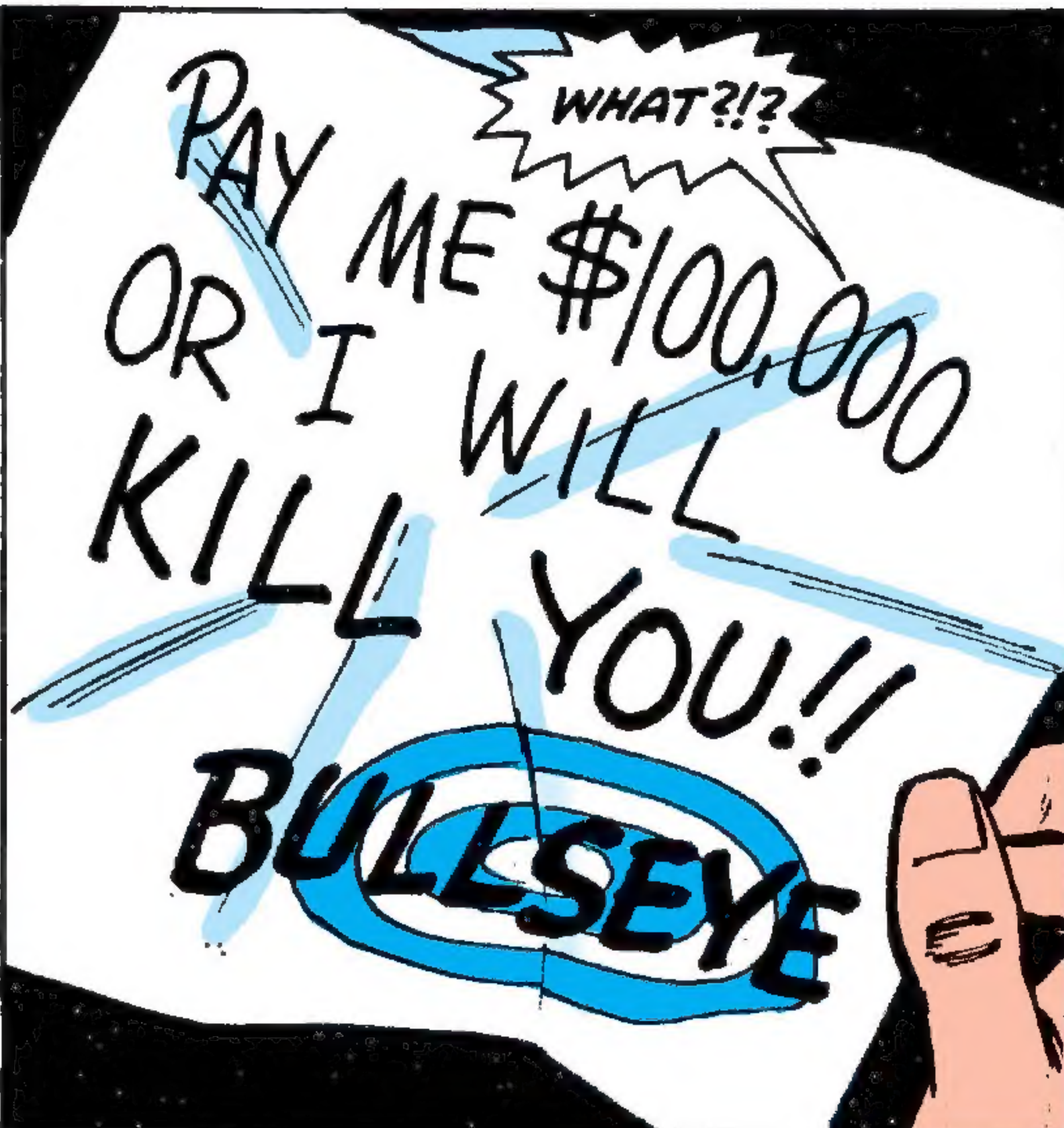
IF THIS IS SOME **TRICK...**



IT **CAN'T** BE. NONE OF MY EMPLOYEES WOULD **DARE** JOKE WITH ME.

THEY'RE ALL TOO **FRIGHTENED** OF LOSING THEIR JOBS.

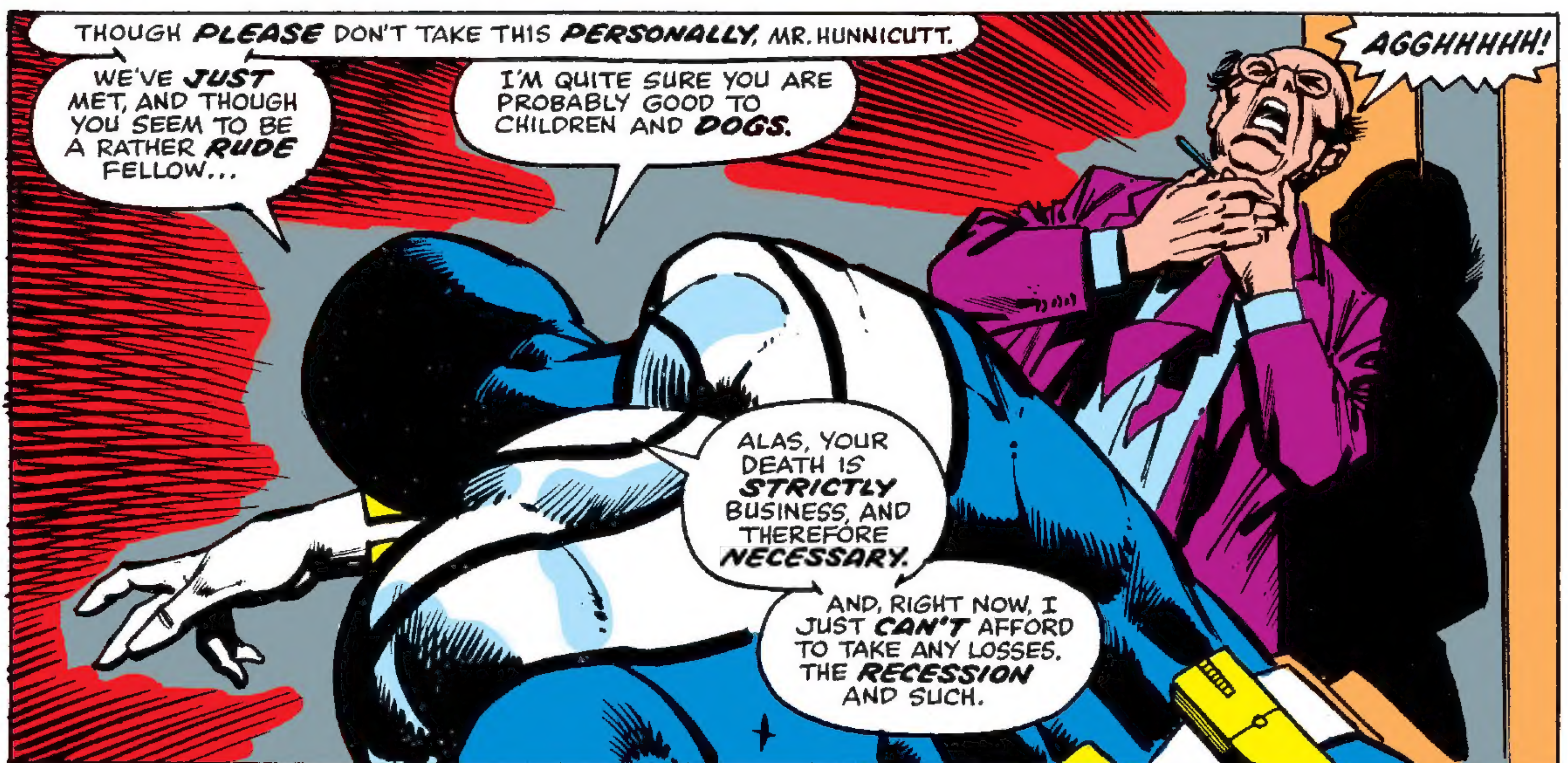
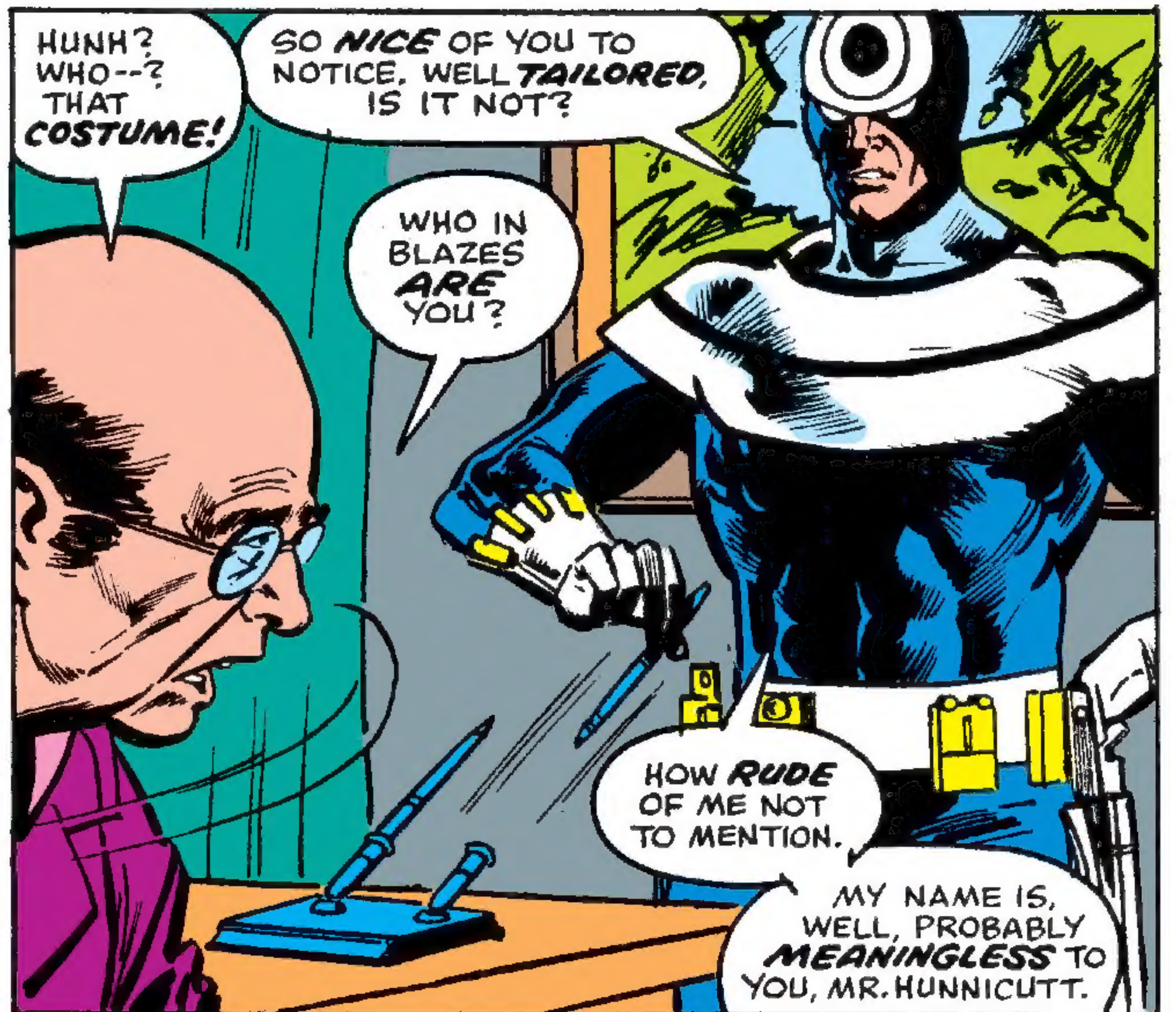
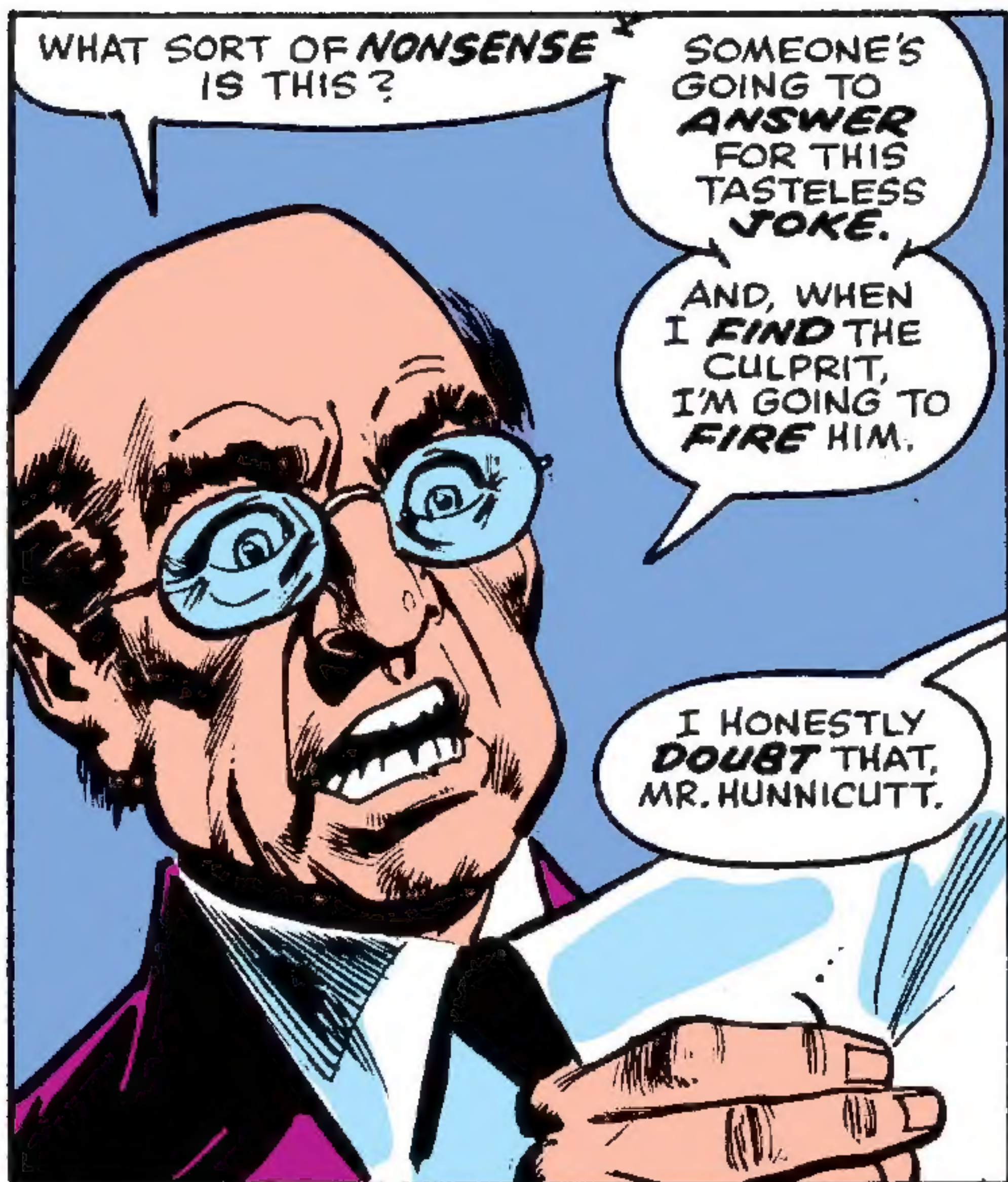
EH? **WRITING**. A MESSAGE FOR ME?

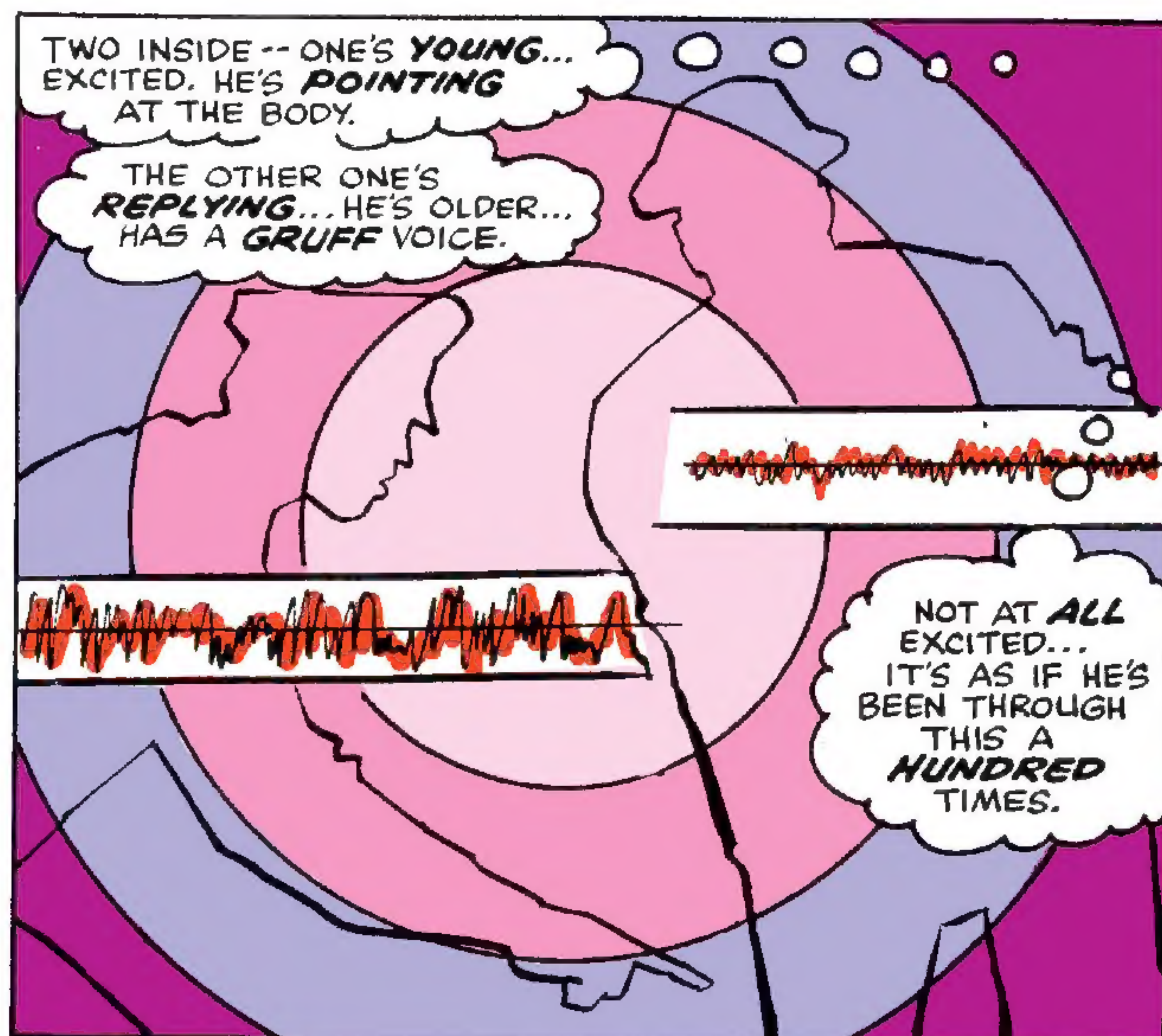
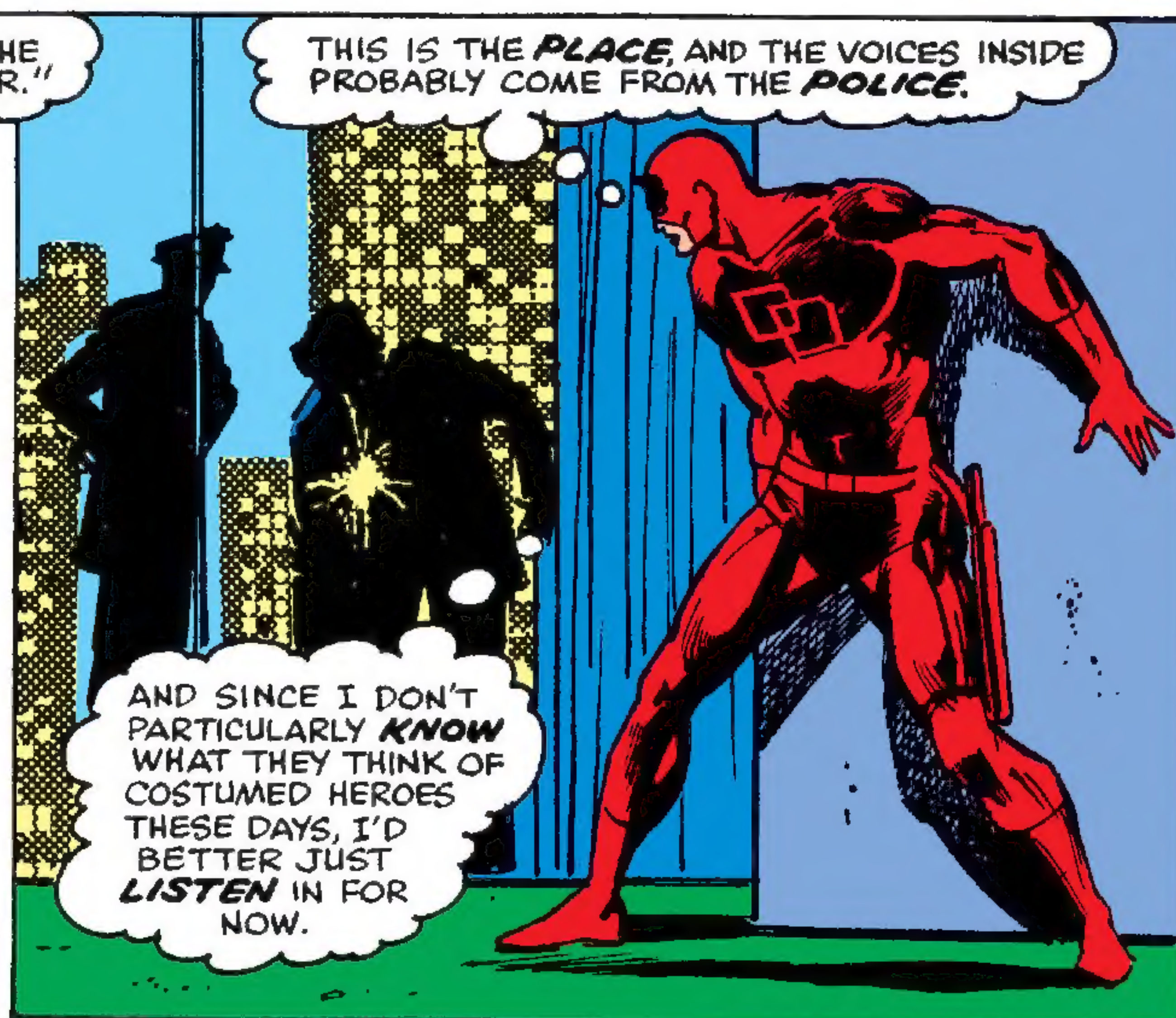
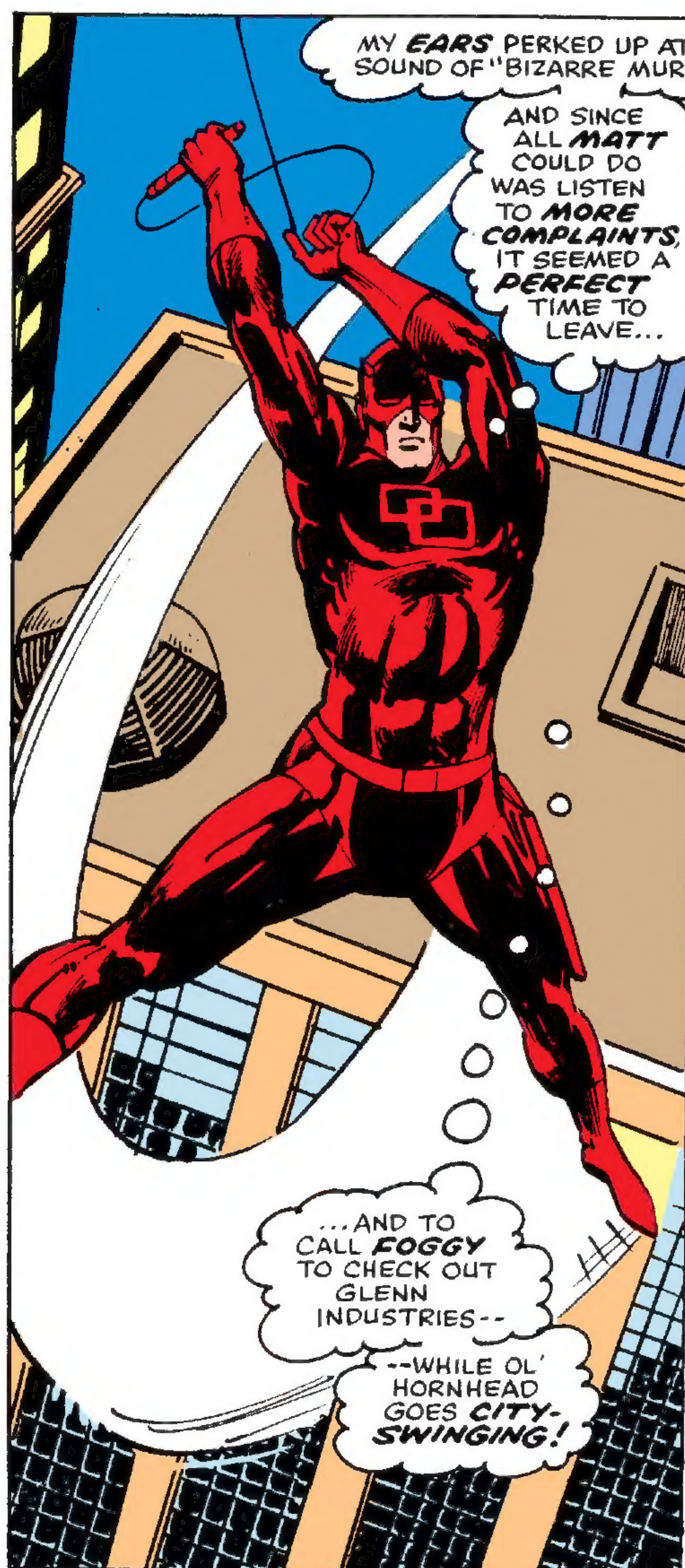
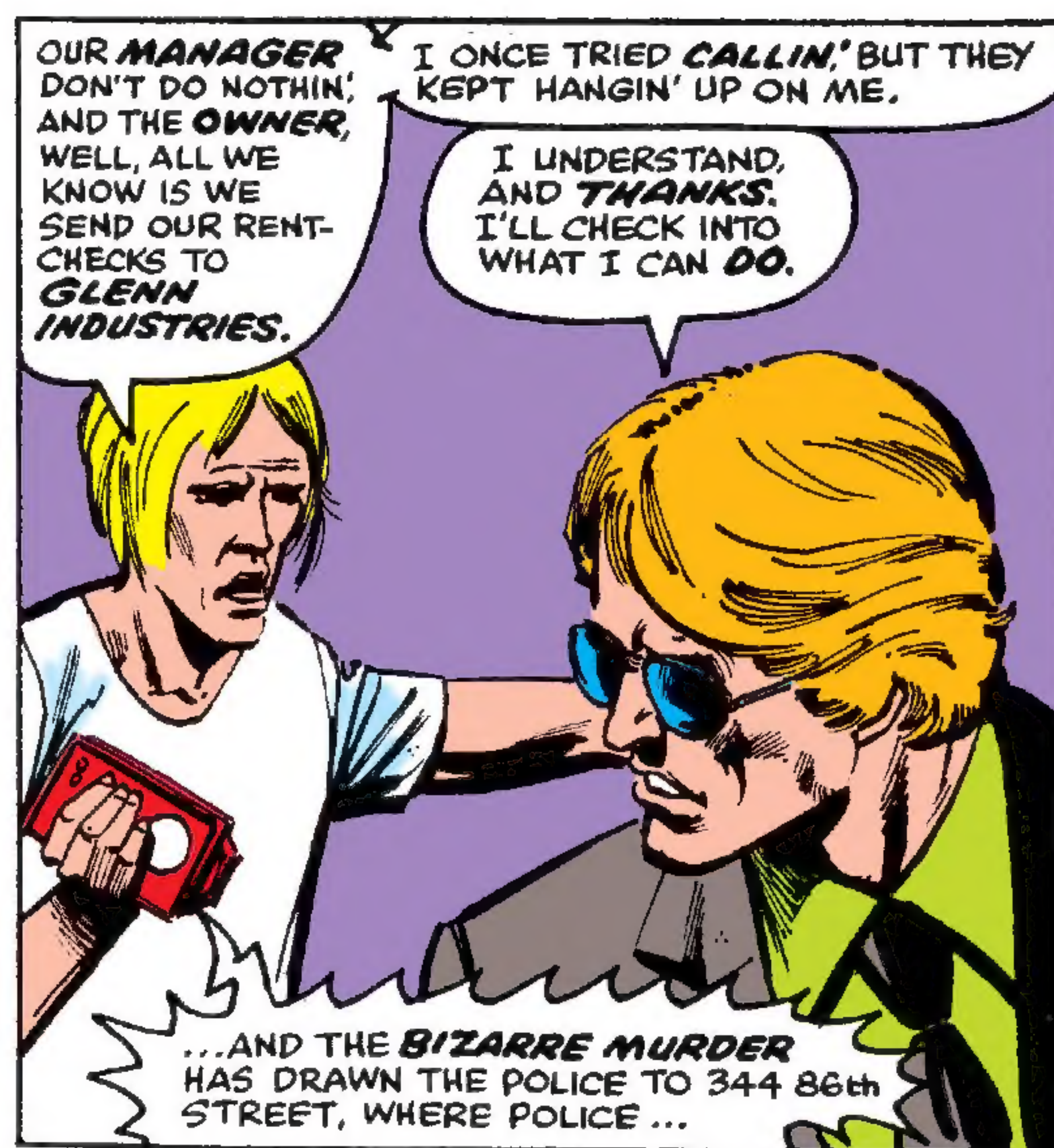
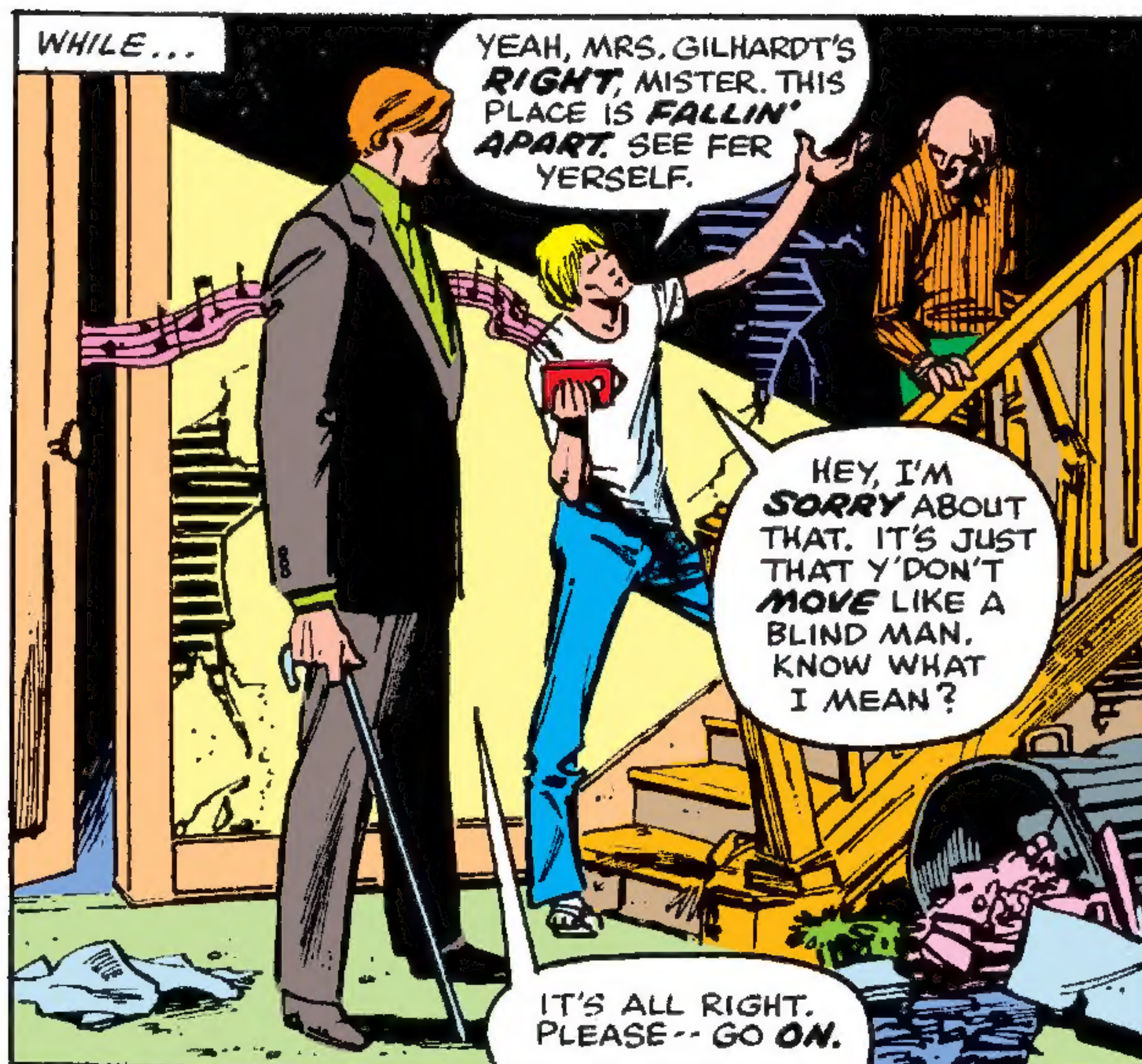


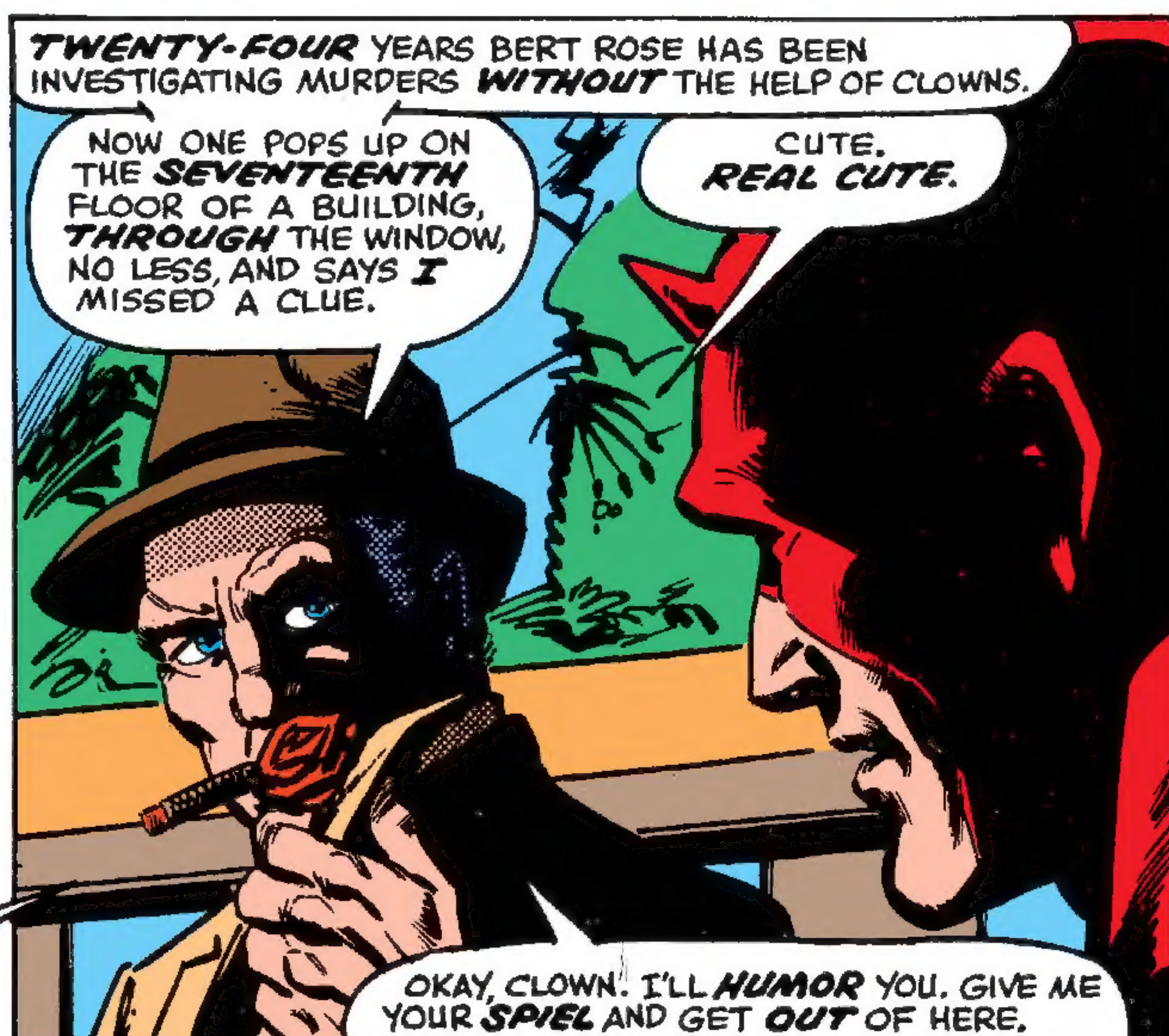
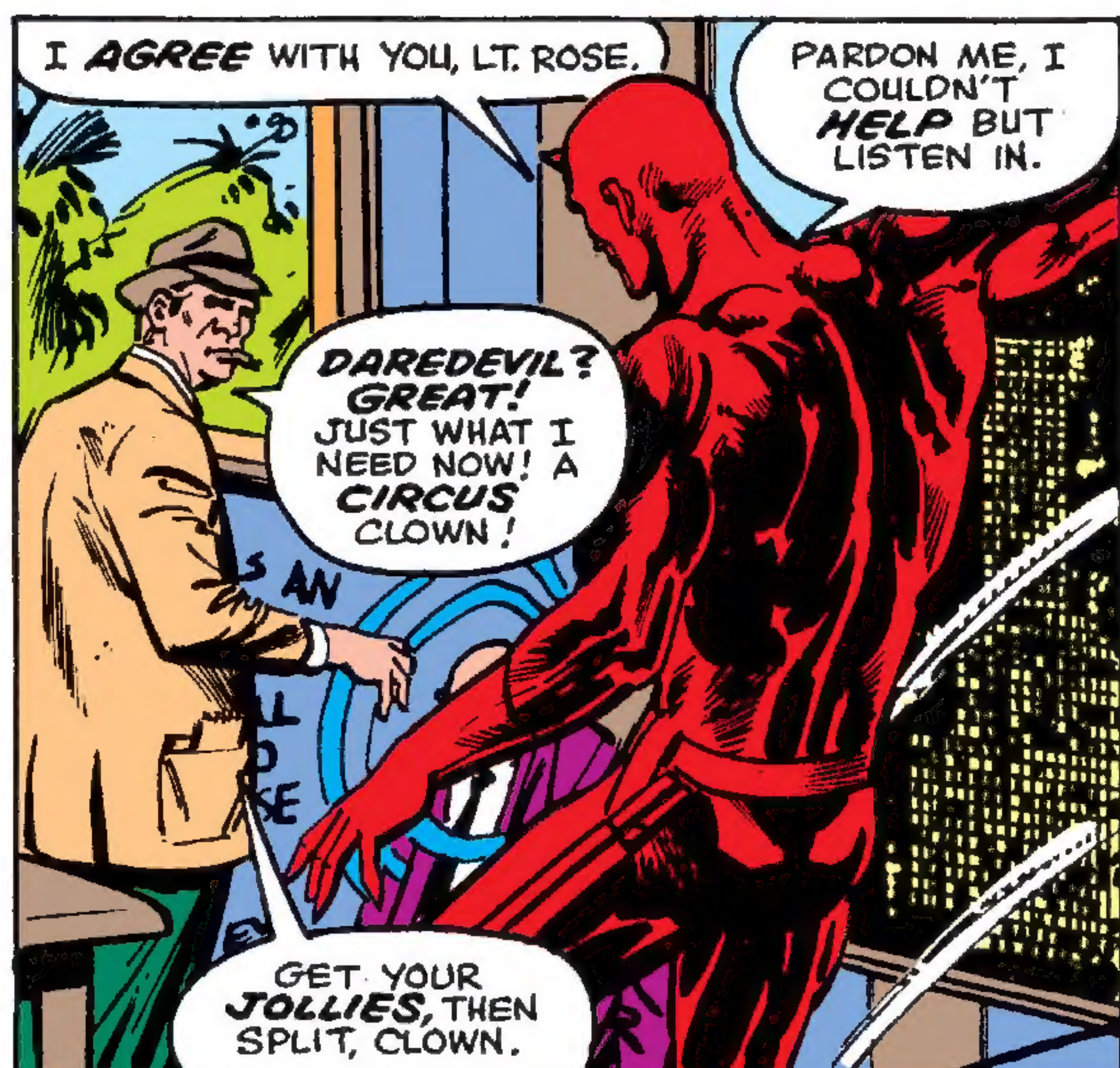
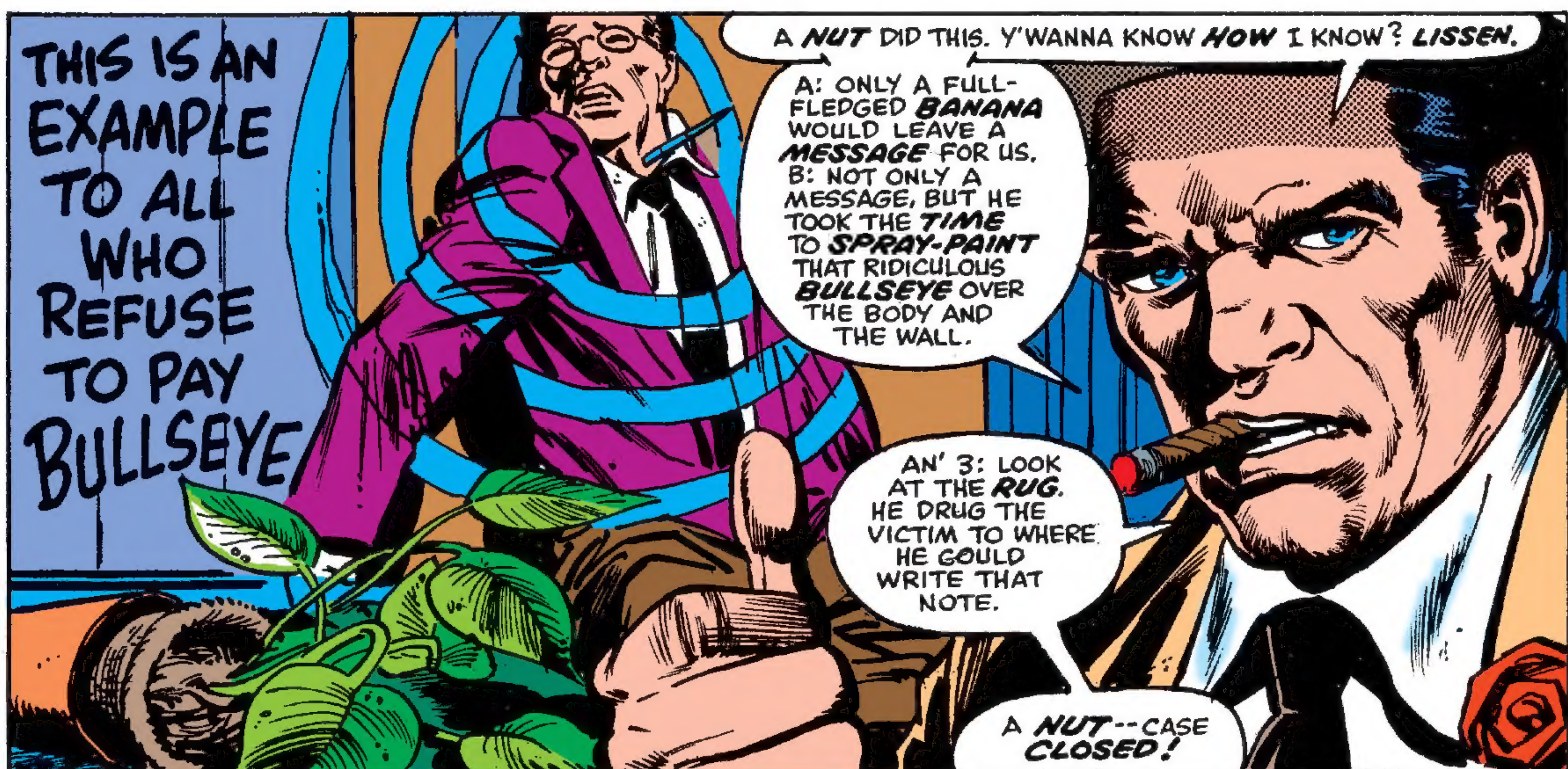
PAY ME \$100,000 OR I WILL KILL YOU!!

WHAT?!!

BULLSEYE









THANKS FOR COMING, DD. Y'SEE, I HAVE SOME RATHER **DEFINITE** INFORMATION ABOUT THIS BULLSEYE CHARACTER THAT I DON'T THINK I SHOULD LET THE **POLICE** HAVE.

WHICH SOUNDS TO ME TO BE SOMEWHAT, EH, "EXTRA"-LEGAL.

YEAH, YEAH! I KNOW, BUT, Y'SEE, I'M A REPORTER, **CRIME BEAT**. BEEN ONE FOR OVER FIFTEEN YEARS.

AND, WELL, I **KNOW** A RATHER LARGE NUMBER OF, SHALL WE SAY, **INDISCRETE** CHARACTERS.

SOME GIVE ME INFORMATION, AND WELL, I DON'T LIKE **DIVULGING** MY SOURCES-- WHICH THE POLICE DO NOT ALWAYS UNDERSTAND. Y'SEE WHAT I MEAN, DD?

I'M **ALL** EARS.

SIT DOWN AND TAKE A **LOAD** OFF YOUR FEET, DD. YOU'LL **LIVE** LONGER IF YOU LEARN TO **RELAX**.

ANYWAY, THIS CHARACTER WHO CALLS HIMSELF BULLSEYE, WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHO HE **REALLY** IS, BUT I KNOW HIS BACKGROUND... HIS **ORIGINS**.

WAR, IT DOES **STRANGE** THINGS TO A GUY. **ME?** I WAS IN KOREA... JUST MADE IT BY A **YEAR**. BLAST THE LUCK. I WAS **THAT** MUCH TOO YOUNG.

ANYWAY, THIS BULLSEYE CHARACTER WAS IN A WAR, TOO: **VIETNAM**.

LIKE I SAID, DAREDEVIL; WAR **CHANGES** PEOPLE. YOU CAN'T GO KILLING PEOPLE AND **NOT** BE CHANGED.

"AND I DON'T CARE IF IT ONLY **IS** THE ENEMY YOU KILL. PEOPLE ARE **PEOPLE**. RIGHT?"

"ANYWAY, OUR BOY WAS IN 'NAM..."

"...AND HE WAS **GUNG HO!**"

"HE DIDN'T ONLY WANT TO **KILL** THE CONG-- HE WANTED TO **DESTROY** 'EM."

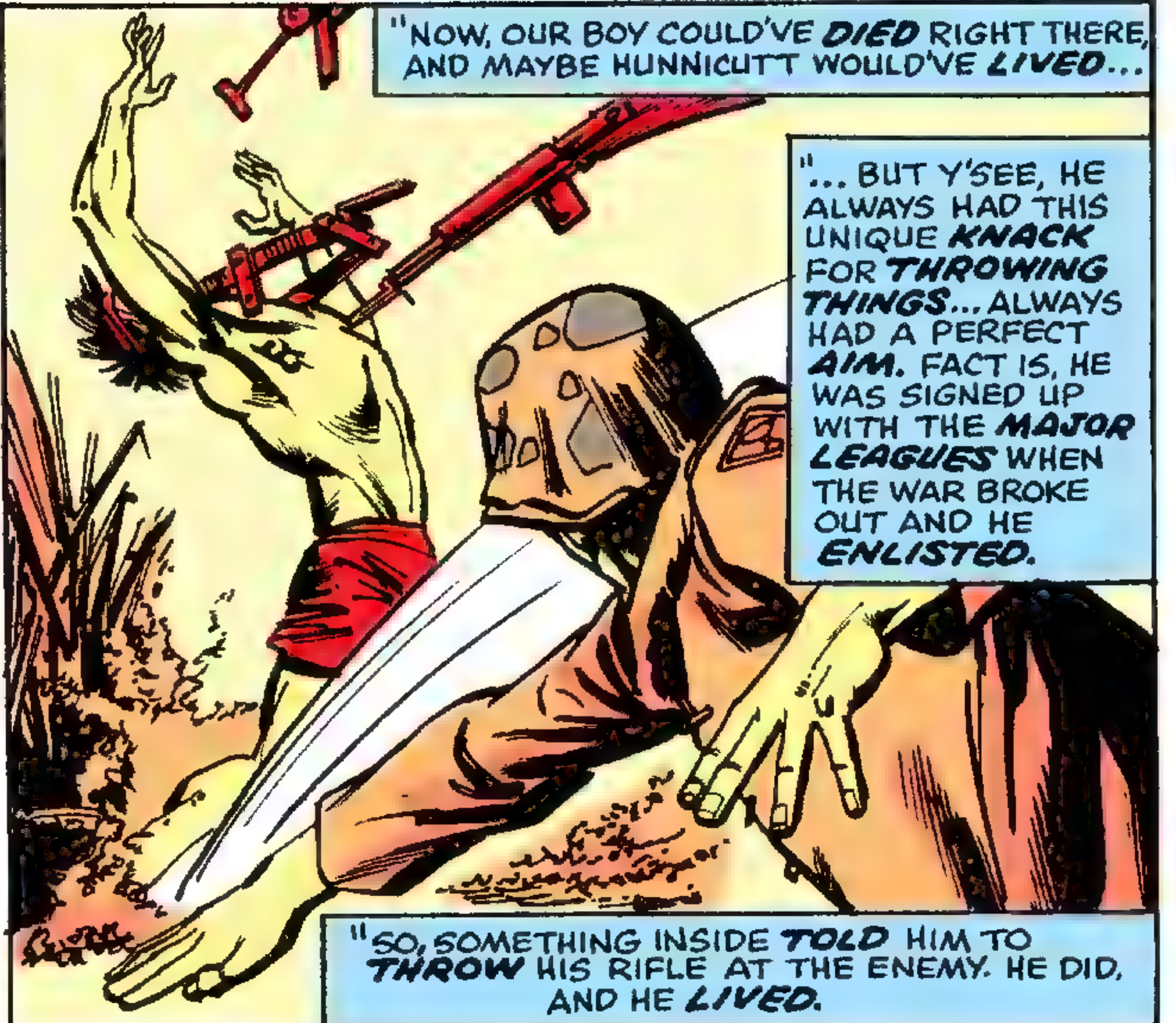
"HE WAS A **GREAT** SOLDIER, OUR BOY WAS."

"HE WAS PATROLLING THE PADDIES ONE DAY WHEN HE **HEARD** THIS GUERRILLA SNEAK UP **BEHIND** HIM. HE SPUN 'ROUND AND **FIRE**D HIS RIFLE. ONLY IT WAS **EMPTY**."



"THEN HE SAW THE VC RAISE **HIS** GUN."

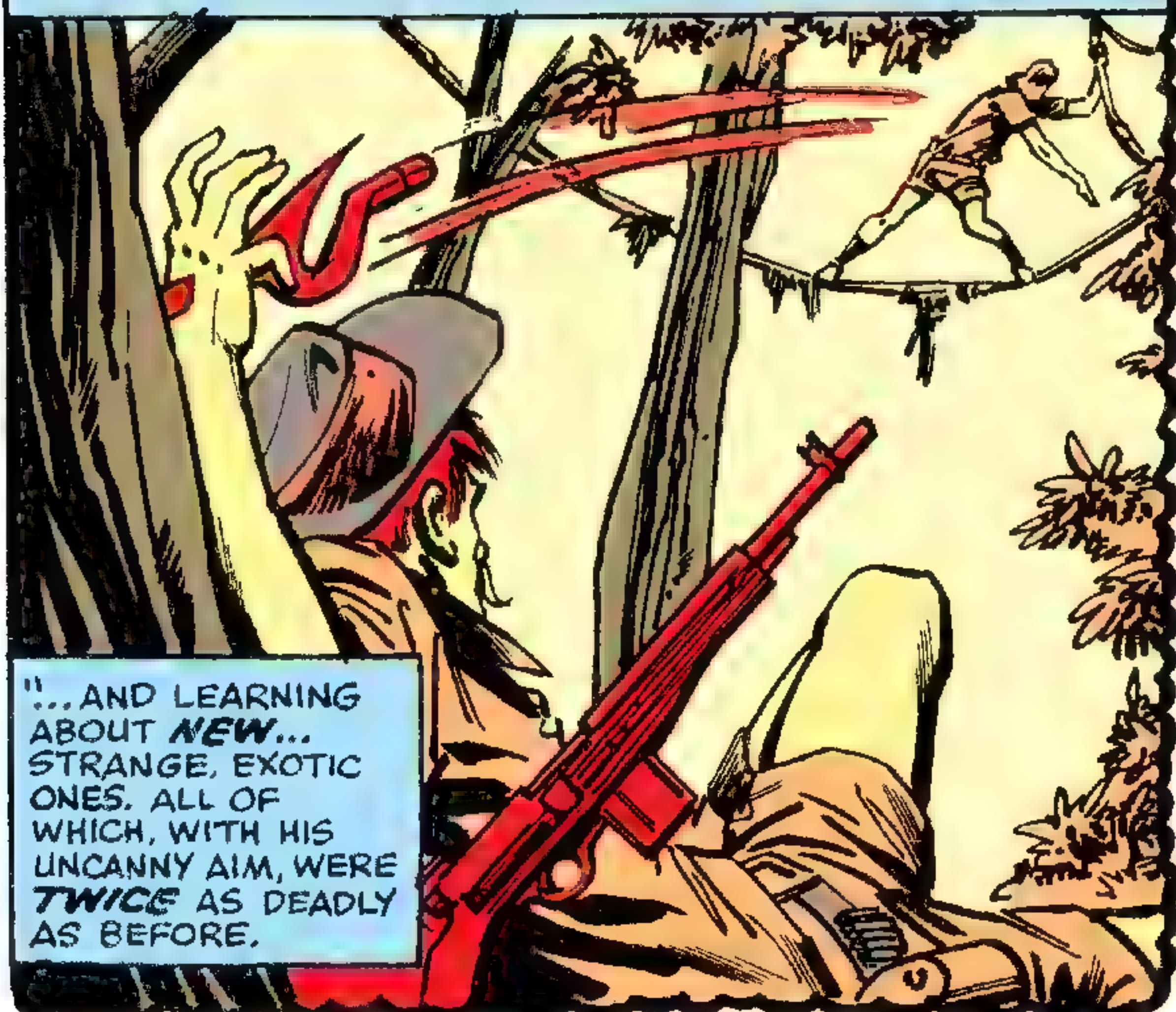
"NOW, OUR BOY COULD'VE **DIED** RIGHT THERE, AND MAYBE HUNNICUTT WOULD'VE **LIVED**..."



"... BUT Y'SEE, HE ALWAYS HAD THIS UNIQUE **KNACK** FOR **THROWING THINGS**... ALWAYS HAD A PERFECT **AIM**. FACT IS, HE WAS SIGNED UP WITH THE **MAJOR LEAGUES** WHEN THE WAR BROKE OUT AND HE **ENLISTED**."

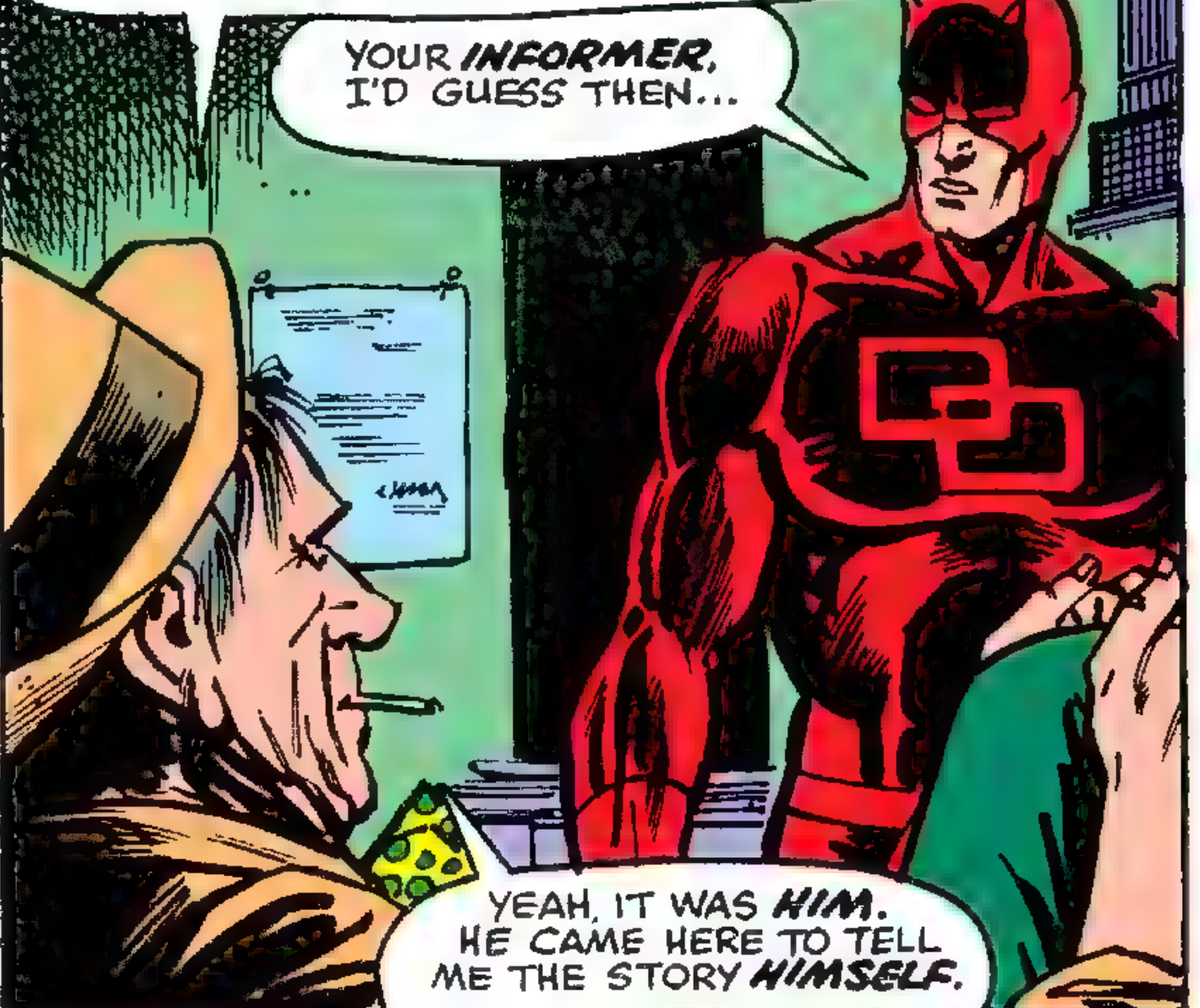
"SO, SOMETHING INSIDE **TOLD** HIM TO **THROW** HIS RIFLE AT THE ENEMY. HE DID, AND HE **LIVED**."

"AFTER THE WAR, OUR BOY BECAME A **MERCENARY** IN AFRICA, PERFECTING HIS USE OF WEAPONS..."



"... AND LEARNING ABOUT **NEW**... STRANGE, EXOTIC ONES. ALL OF WHICH, WITH HIS UNCANNY AIM, WERE **TWICE** AS DEADLY AS BEFORE."

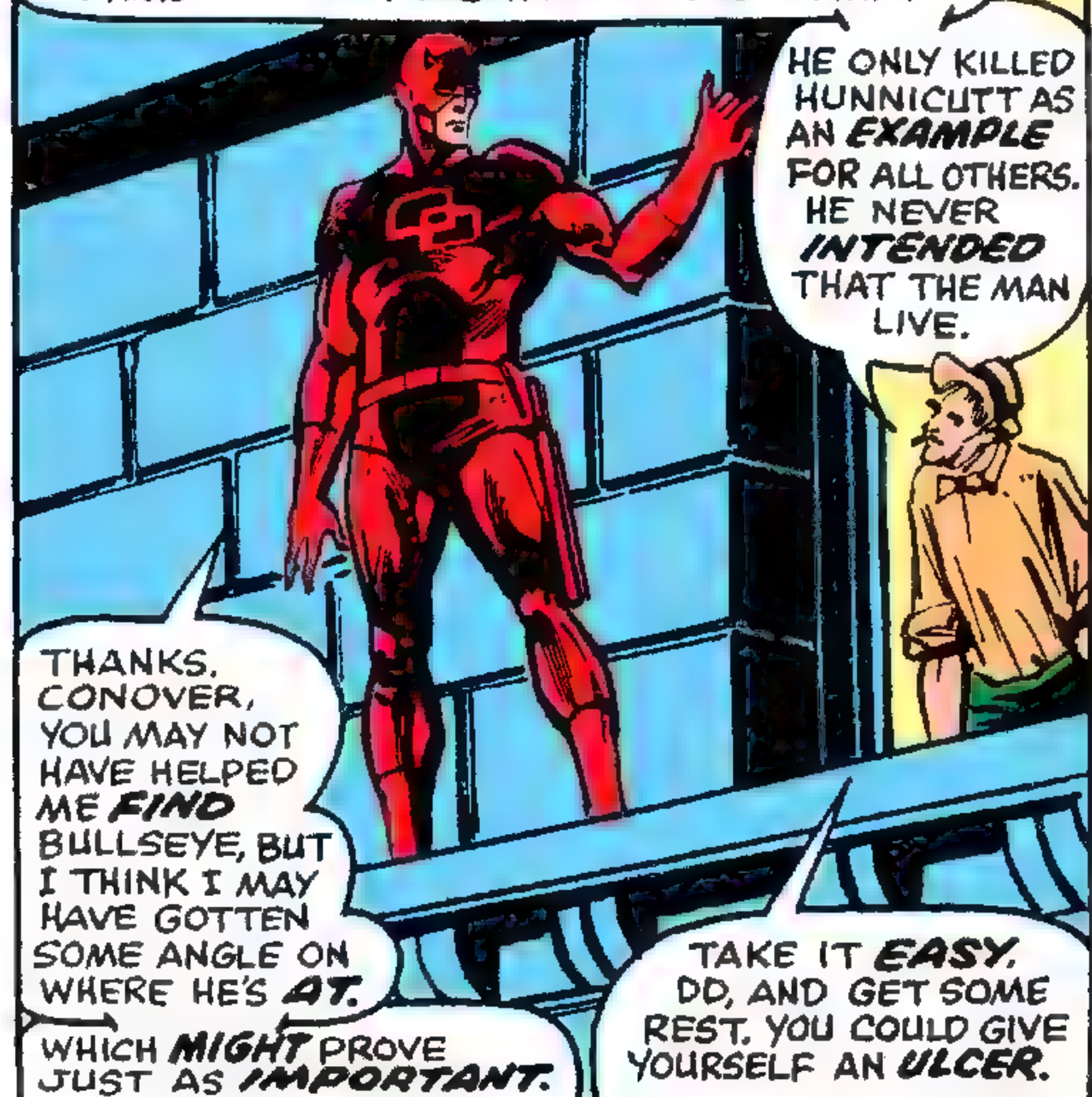
IT'S **TRUE**, BELIEVE ME. I **SAW** HIM TOSS ABOUT A FEW ITEMS, AND I COULDN'T **BELIEVE** HOW HE TURNED THEM INTO WEAPONS."



YOUR **INFORMER**, I'D GUESS THEN...

YEAH, IT WAS **HIM**. HE CAME HERE TO TELL ME THE STORY **HIMSELF**."

Y'SEE, HE **WANTS**... HE **CRAVES** PUBLICITY... FIGURES IT WILL **FRIGHTEN** HIS FUTURE VICTIMS INTO **PAYING** HIM OFF RIGHT AWAY."



HE ONLY KILLED HUNNICUTT AS AN **EXAMPLE** FOR ALL OTHERS. HE NEVER **INTENDED** THAT THE MAN LIVE."

THANKS, CONOVER, YOU MAY NOT HAVE HELPED ME **FIND** BULLSEYE, BUT I THINK I MAY HAVE GOTTEN SOME ANGLE ON WHERE HE'S **AT**."

WHICH **MIGHT** PROVE JUST AS **IMPORTANT**."

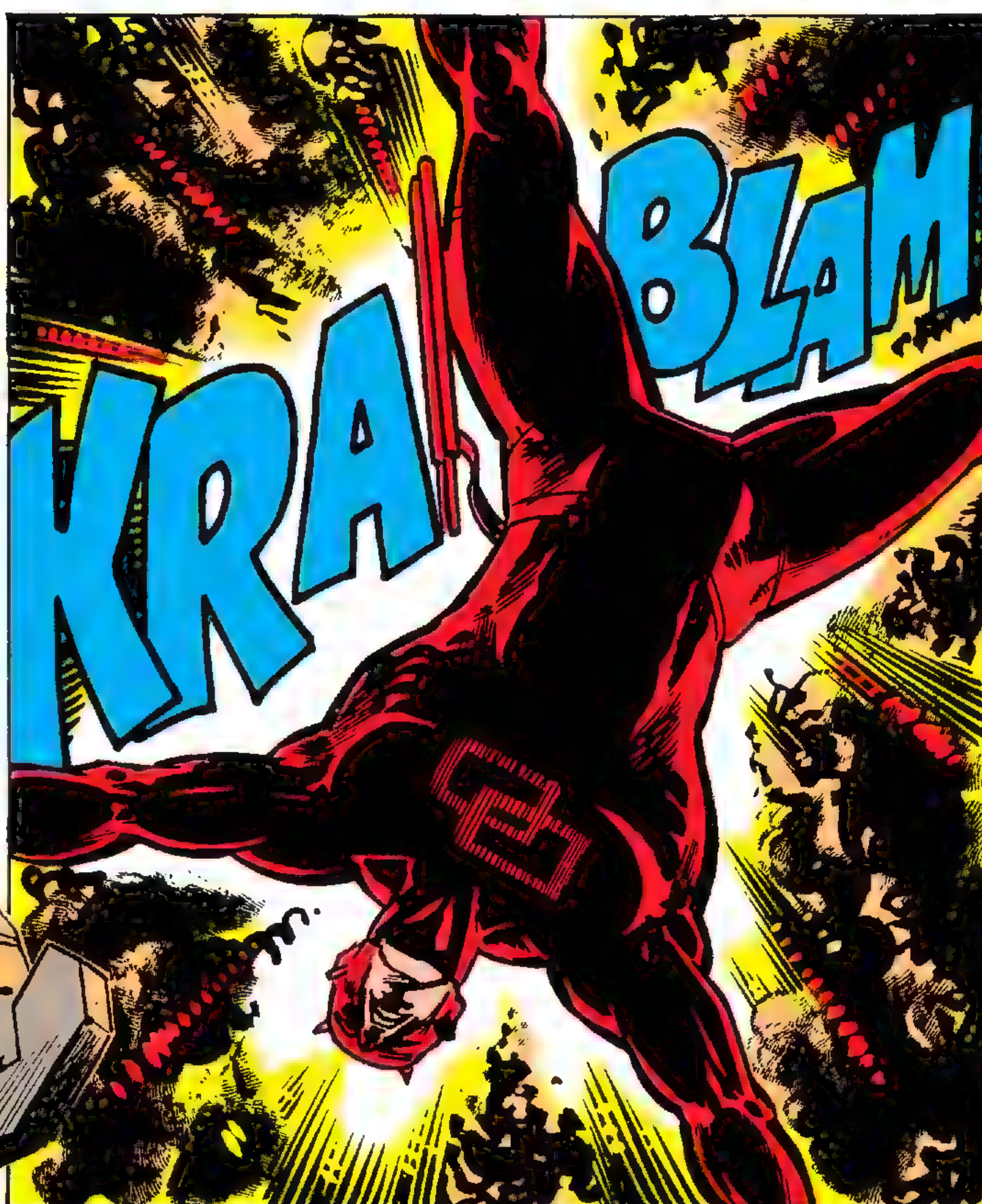
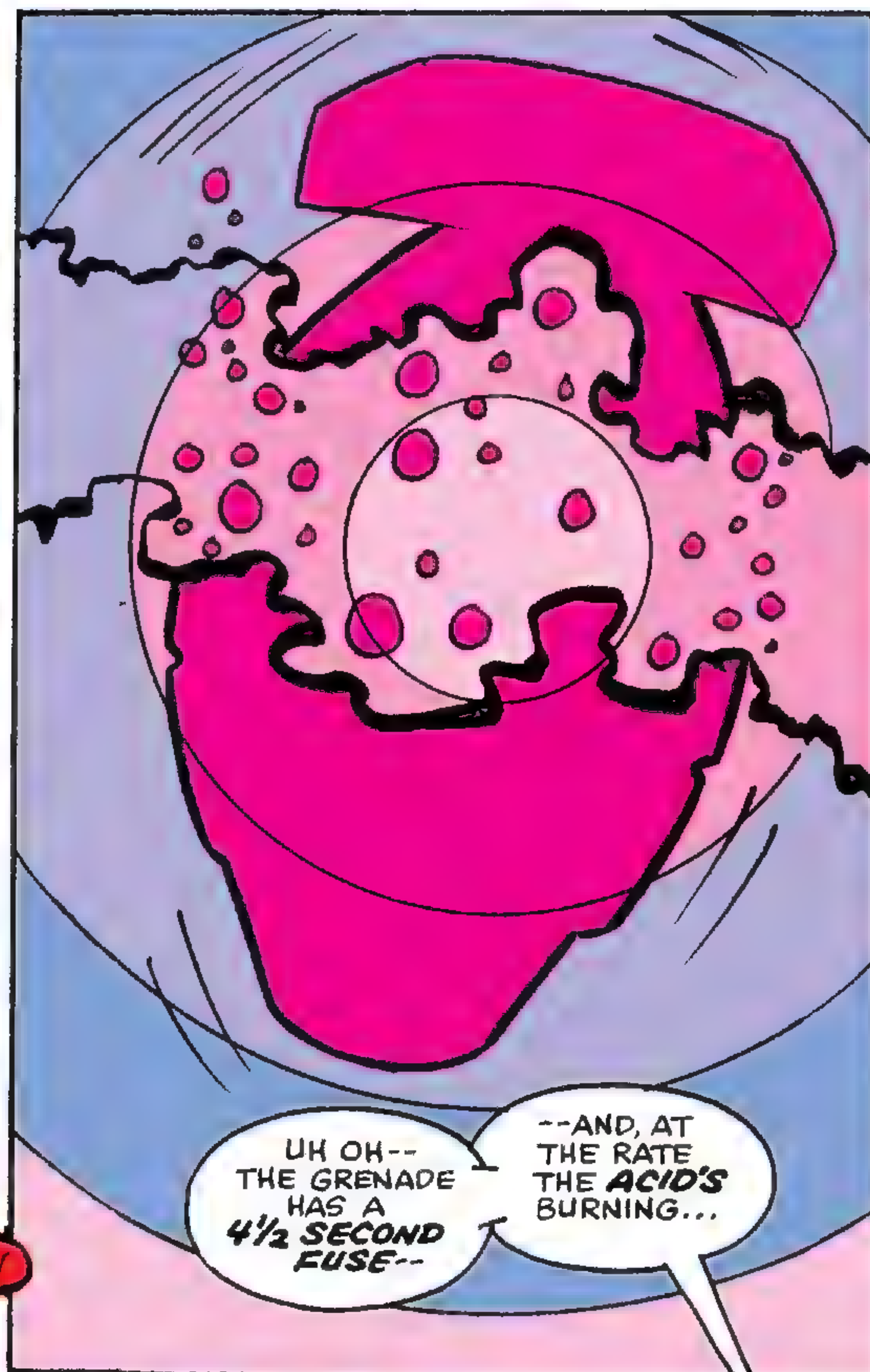
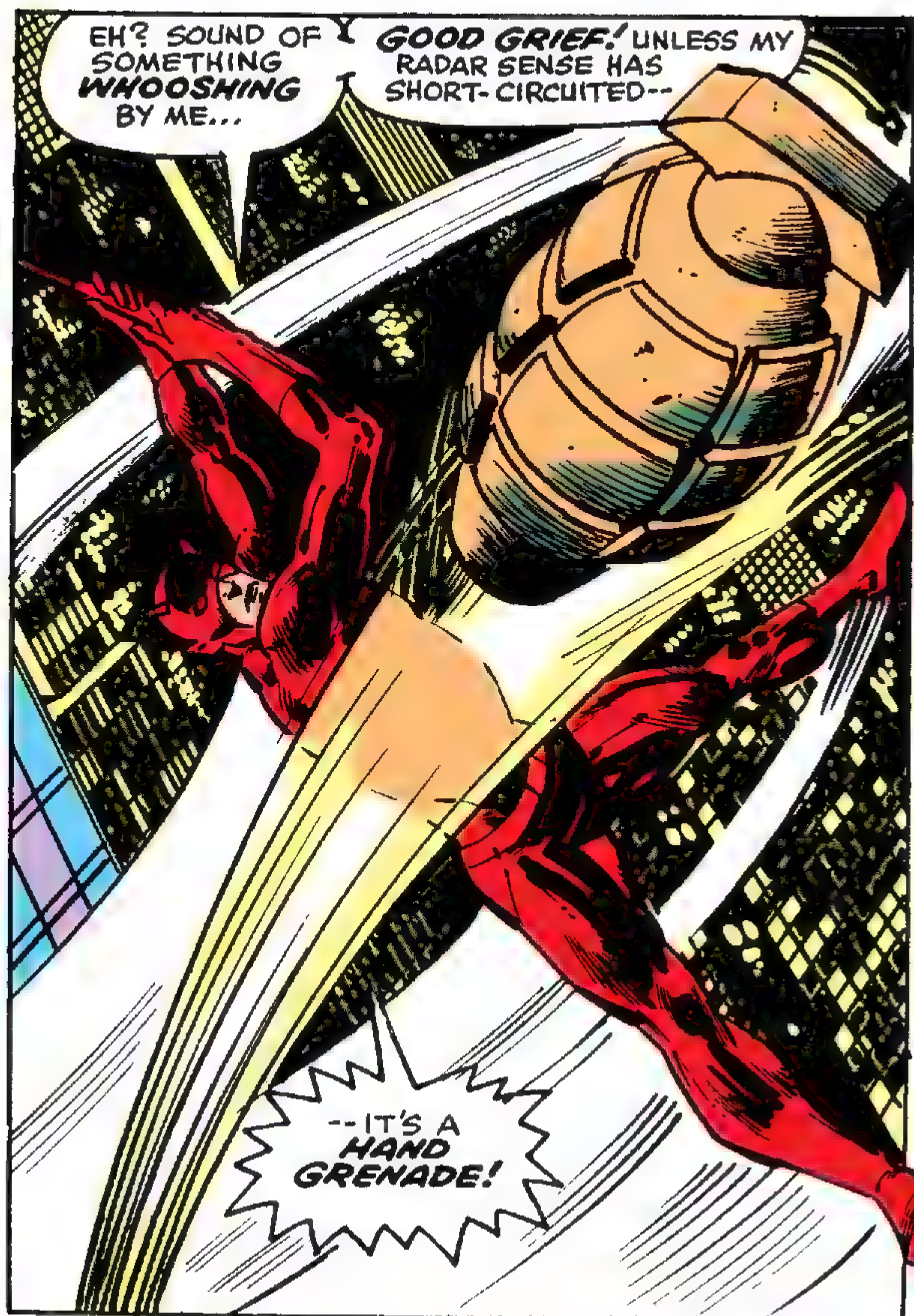
TAKE IT **EASY**, DD, AND GET SOME REST. YOU COULD GIVE YOURSELF AN **ULCER**."

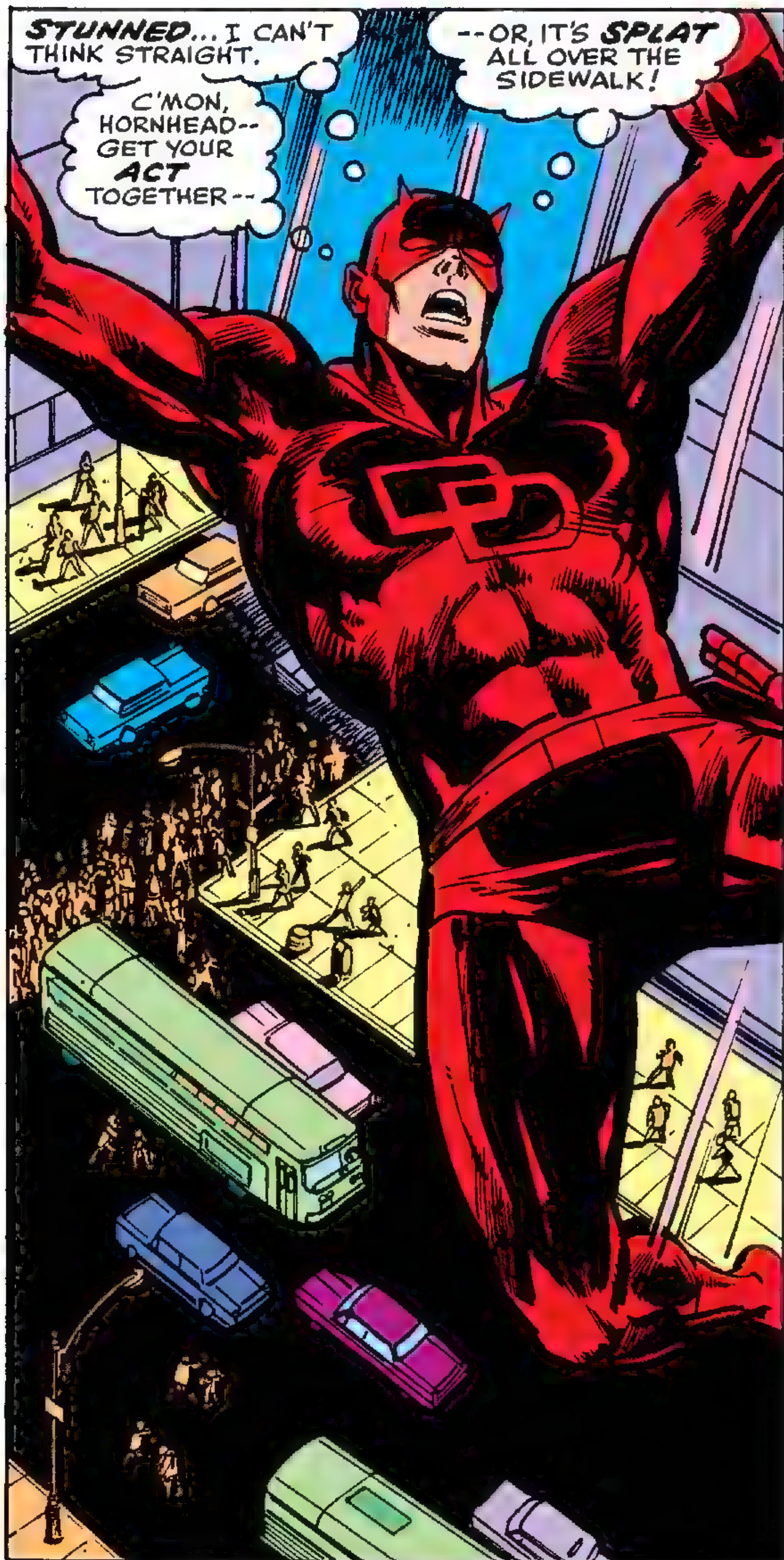
AN ULCER SHOULD BE THE **LEAST** OF MY PROBLEMS RIGHT ABOUT NOW."



THIS BULLSEYE'S A **MASTER** OF ALL WEAPONS-- AND HE'S MOST **DEFINITELY** DEADLY."

WELL, THERE'S **NOTHING** I CAN DO NOW-- AND MAYBE MATT MURDOCK HAD BETTER RETURN TO "THE STOREFRONT." HEATHER'S PROBABLY **FRANTIC** ABOUT ME RIGHT NOW."





STUNNED... I CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT.

C'MON, HORNHEAD-- GET YOUR **ACT** TOGETHER--

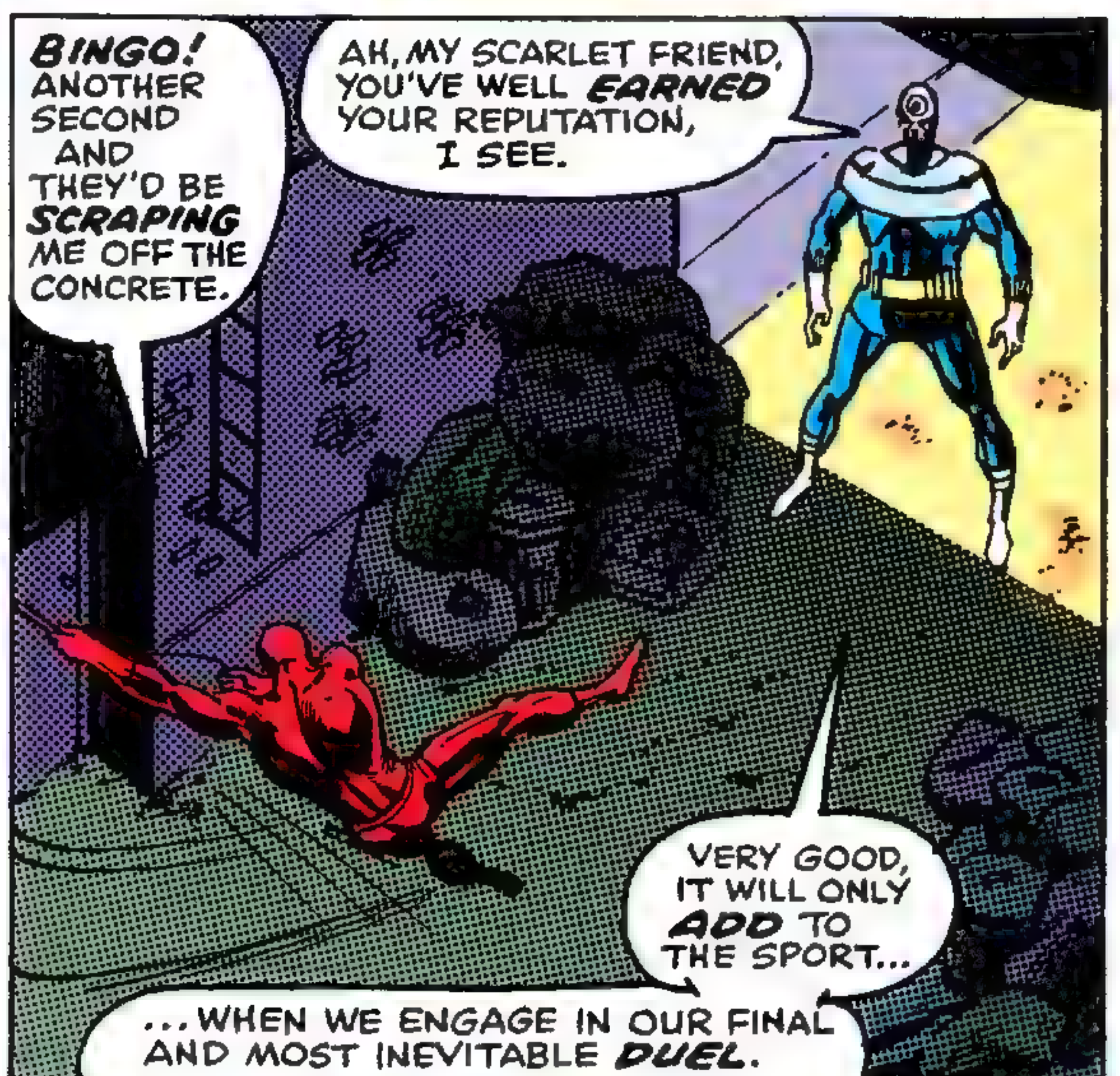
--OR, IT'S **SPLAT** ALL OVER THE SIDEWALK!



HEAD'S **CLEARING**... BUT IT MAY BE **TOO LATE!**

ONLY **MOMENTS** TO ACT... TO **SHOOT-OUT** MY BILLY-CLUB LINE.

C'MON... C'MON! IT'S ONLY YOU AND ME, BILLY-BOY!

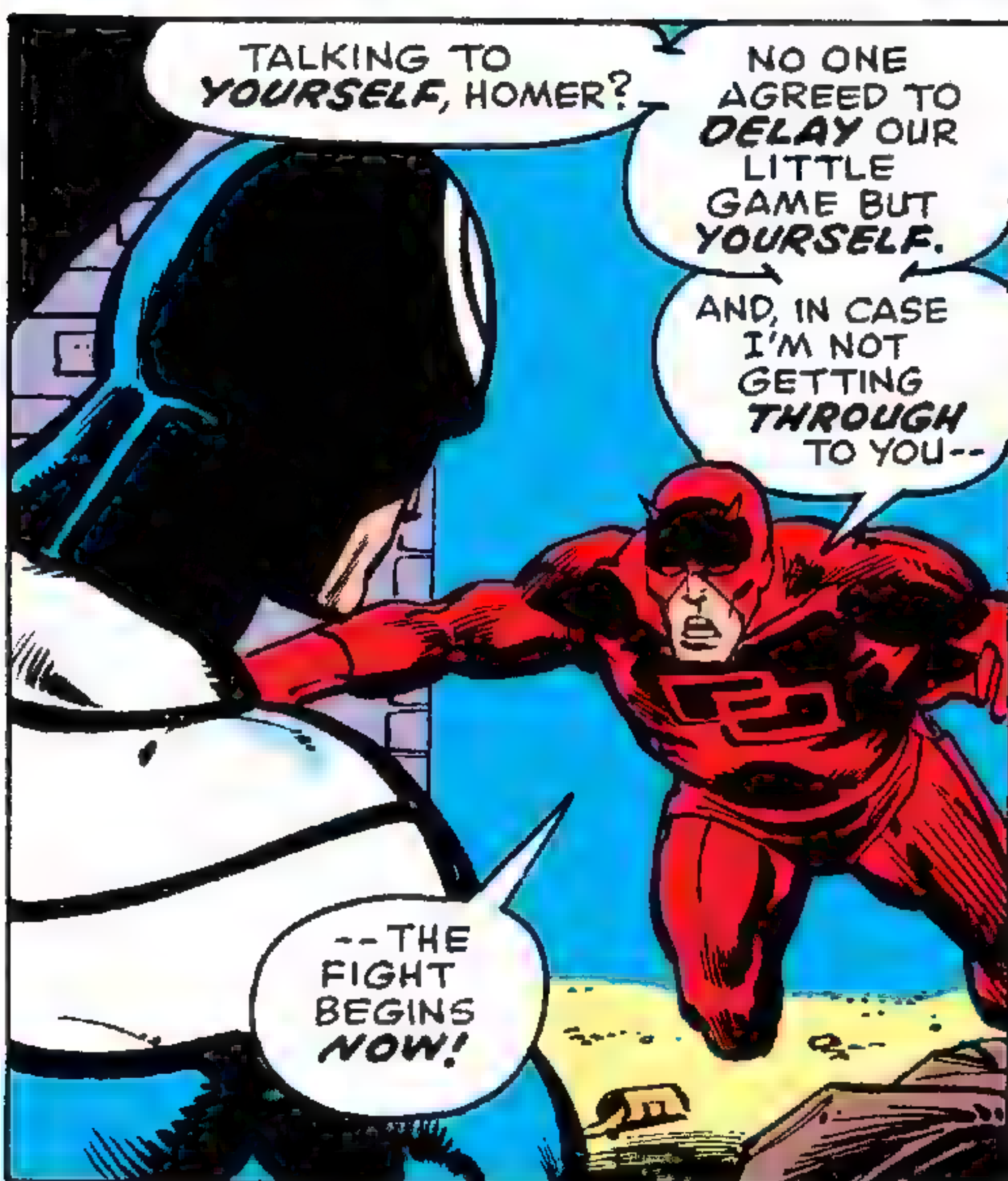


BINGO! ANOTHER SECOND AND THEY'D BE **SCRAPING** ME OFF THE CONCRETE.

AH, MY SCARLET FRIEND, YOU'VE WELL **EARNED** YOUR REPUTATION, I SEE.

VERY GOOD, IT WILL ONLY **ADD** TO THE SPORT...

...WHEN WE ENGAGE IN OUR FINAL AND MOST INEVITABLE **DUEL**.

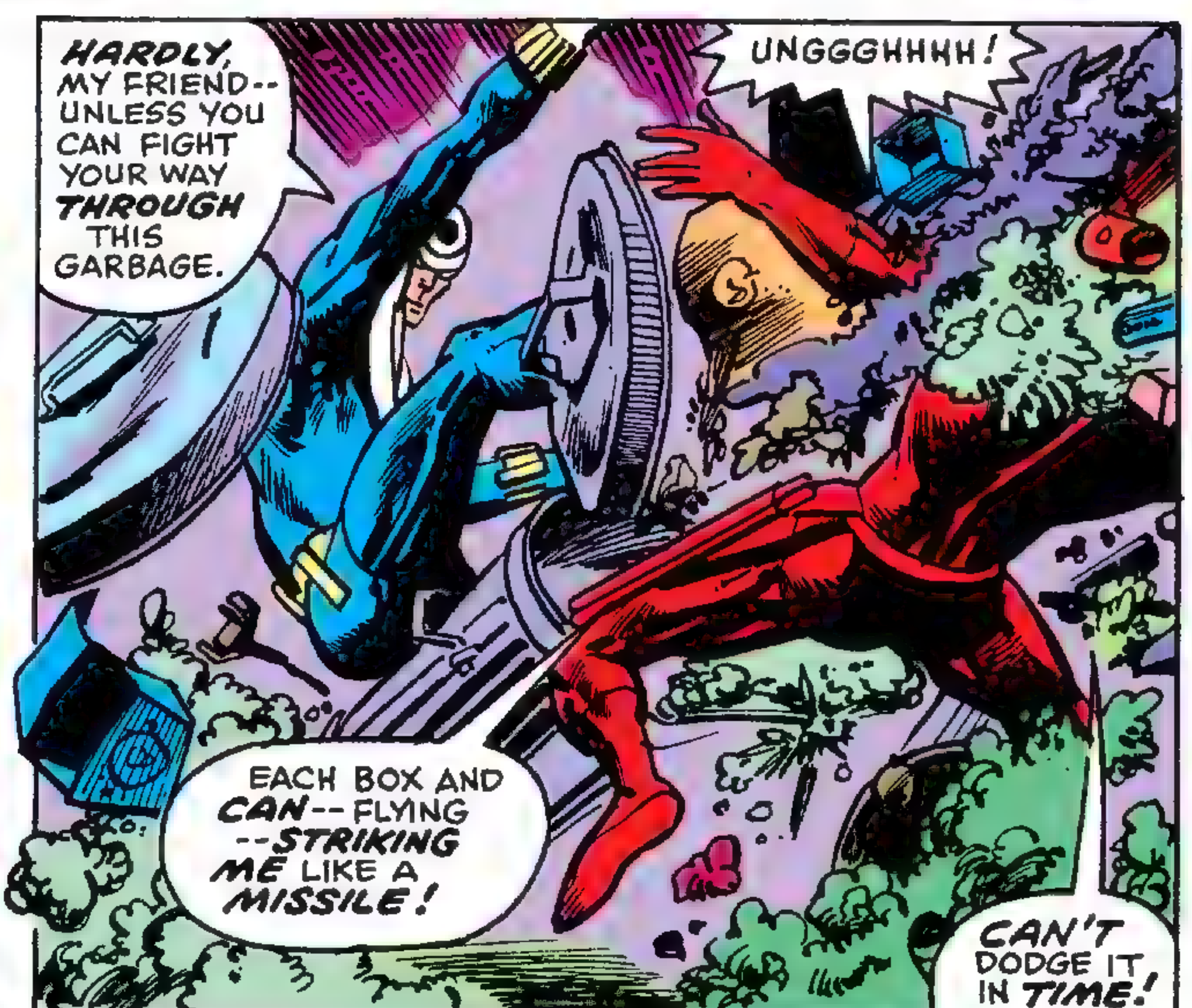


TALKING TO **YOURSELF**, HOMER?

NO ONE AGREED TO **DELAY** OUR LITTLE GAME BUT **YOURSELF**.

AND, IN CASE I'M NOT GETTING **THROUGH** TO YOU--

--THE **FIGHT** BEGINS **NOW!**

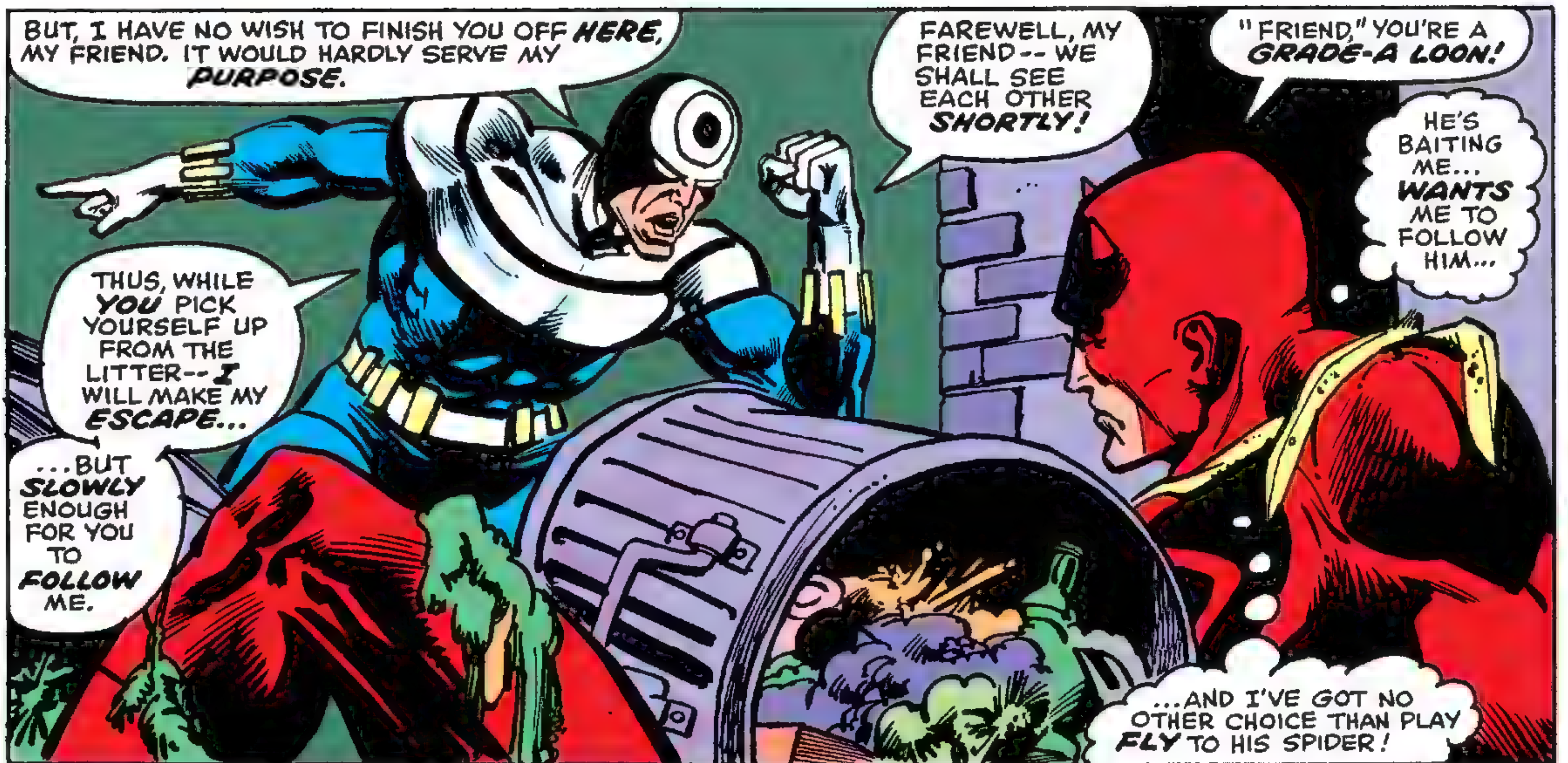


HARDLY, MY FRIEND-- UNLESS YOU CAN FIGHT YOUR WAY **THROUGH** THIS GARBAGE.

UNGGGGHHH!

EACH BOX AND **CAN**-- FLYING --**STRIKING** ME LIKE A **MISSILE!**

CAN'T DODGE IT IN **TIME!**



BUT, I HAVE NO WISH TO FINISH YOU OFF *HERE*, MY FRIEND. IT WOULD HARDLY SERVE MY *PURPOSE*.

FAREWELL, MY FRIEND -- WE SHALL SEE EACH OTHER *SHORTLY*!

"FRIEND," YOU'RE A *GRADE-A LOON*!

HE'S BAITING ME... *WANTS* ME TO FOLLOW HIM...

THUS, WHILE *YOU* PICK YOURSELF UP FROM THE LITTER-- *I* WILL MAKE MY *ESCAPE*...

...BUT *SLOWLY* ENOUGH FOR YOU TO *FOLLOW* ME.

...AND I'VE GOT NO OTHER CHOICE THAN PLAY *FLY* TO HIS SPIDER!



MEAN-TIME...

YOU SAY THAT MATT LEFT MORE THAN AN *HOURLY* AGO, MRS. GILHARDT?

I GUESS HE'S JUST TAKING HIS *TIME* RETURNING. THANKS.

THAT DOESN'T *SOUND* LIKE MATT, HEATHER. HE'S USUALLY *PUNCTUAL* TO THE POINT OF RIDICULOUSNESS-- PROBABLY TO MAKE UP FOR HIS *BLINDNESS*.



BESIDES, HE SAID HE WANTED THE INFO ON *GLENN INDUSTRIES* IN DOUBLE-TIME.

ARE YOU *PUTTING* ME ON, FOGGY?



GLENN INDUSTRIES IS OWNED BY MY *FATHER*-- MAXWELL GLENN.

WHAT?!!?

YOUR FATHER OWNS A *SLUM TENEMENT*? BUT HE'S ALSO PAYING OUT FOR *THIS* PLACE?!!?

THAT JUST DOESN'T *SOUND* LIKE DADDY. HE'S THE *ORIGINAL* CONCERNED CITIZEN.

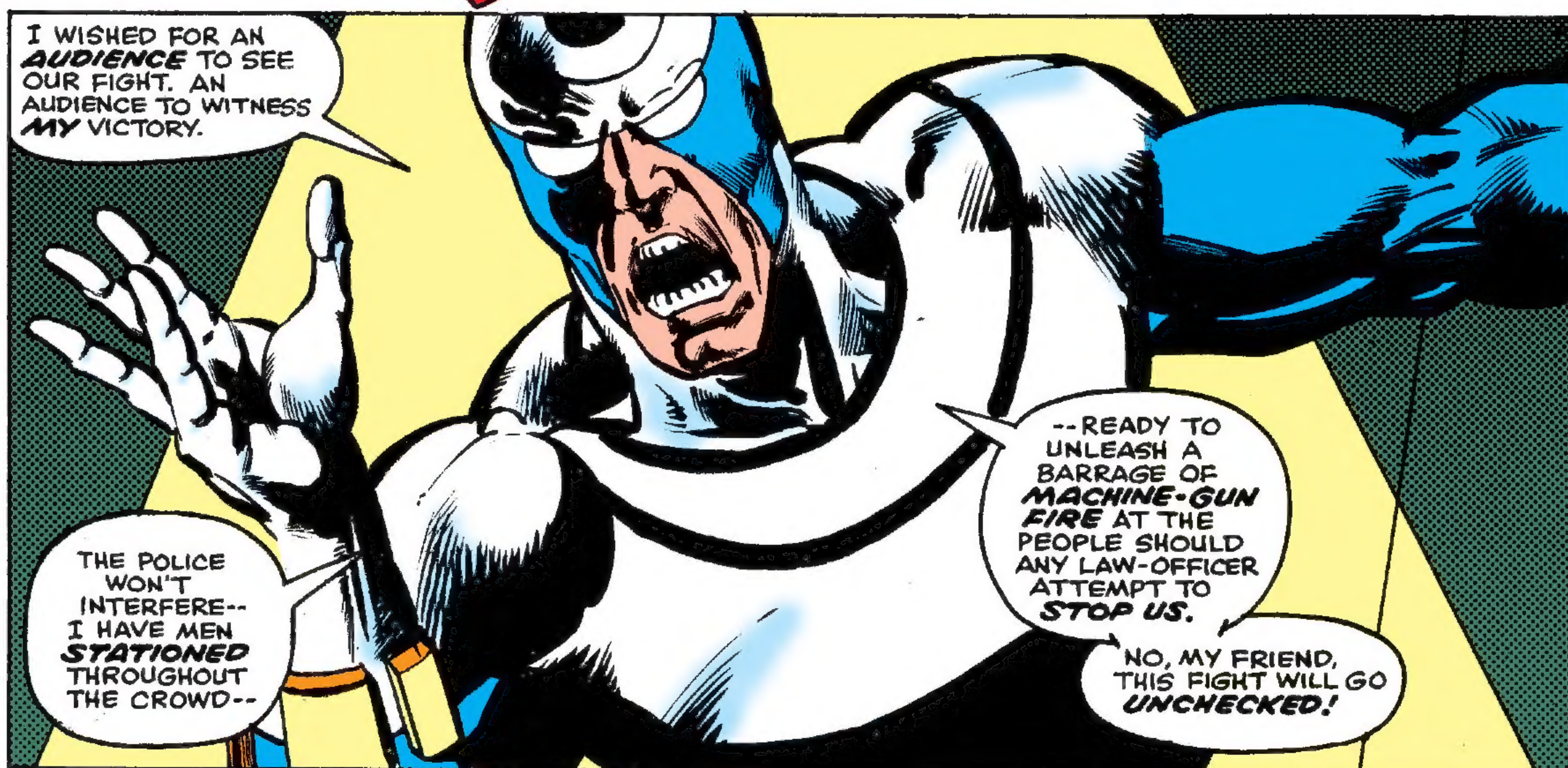
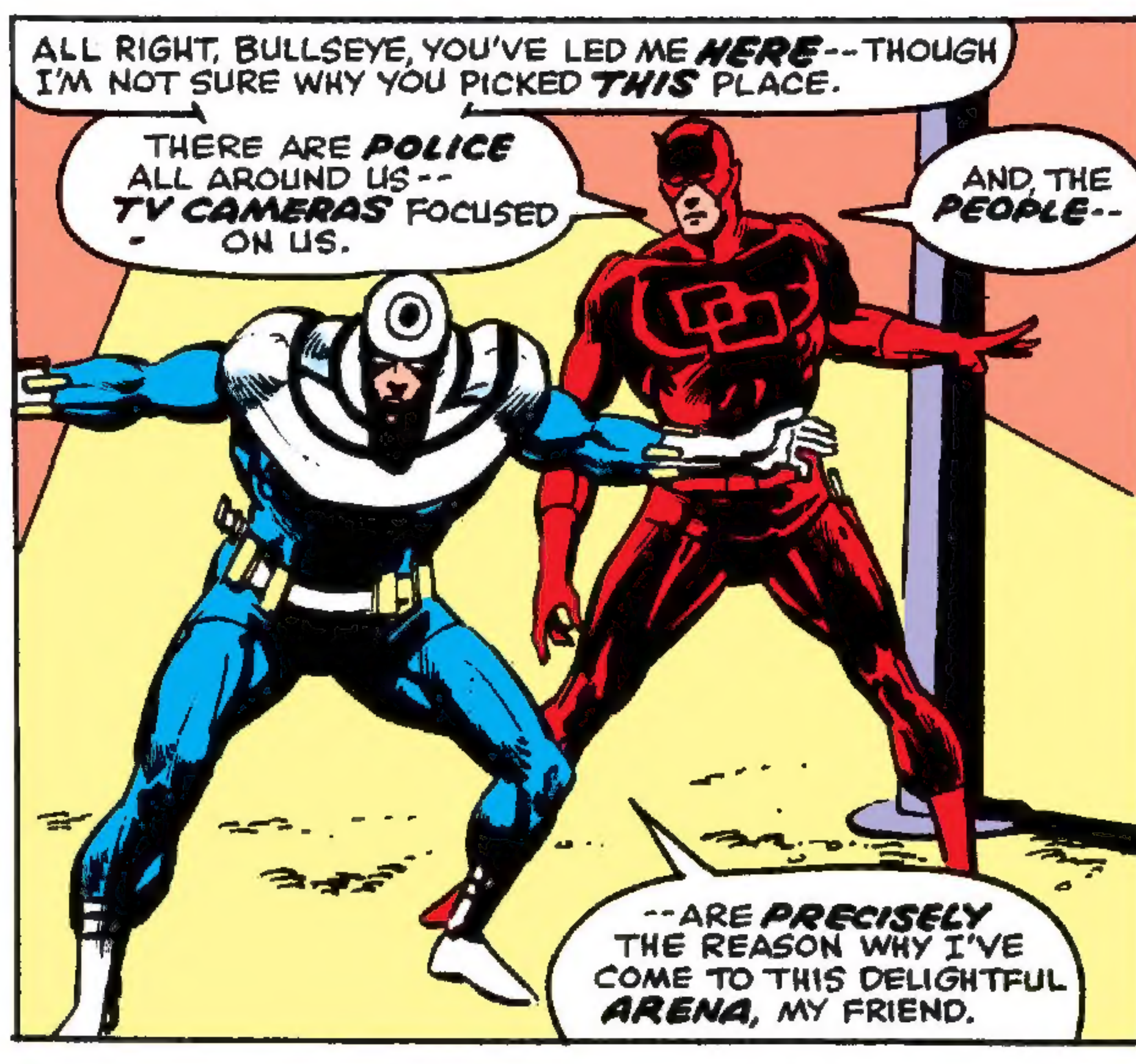
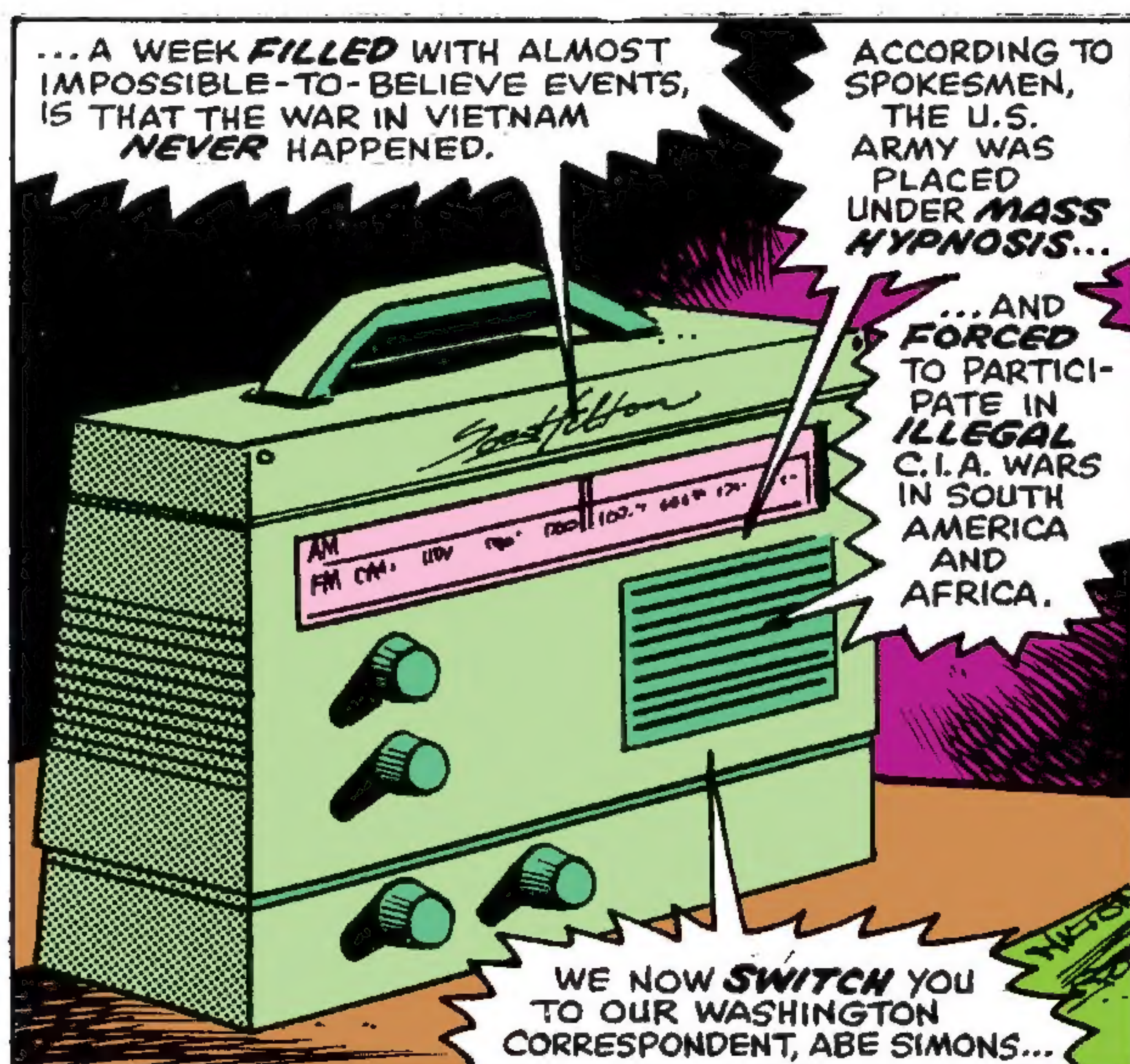


COULD HE HAVE BEEN *LYING* TO ME ALL THESE YEARS, FOGGY?

I DON'T KNOW *WHAT* TO BELIEVE THESE DAYS--

-- WITH THE TELEVISION AND RADIO TALKING *ONLY* ABOUT THOSE NEW *REVELATIONS*--

-- YOU CAN'T *ESCAPE* THE HYPOCRISY FLOODING OVER THIS COUNTRY ANY MORE.

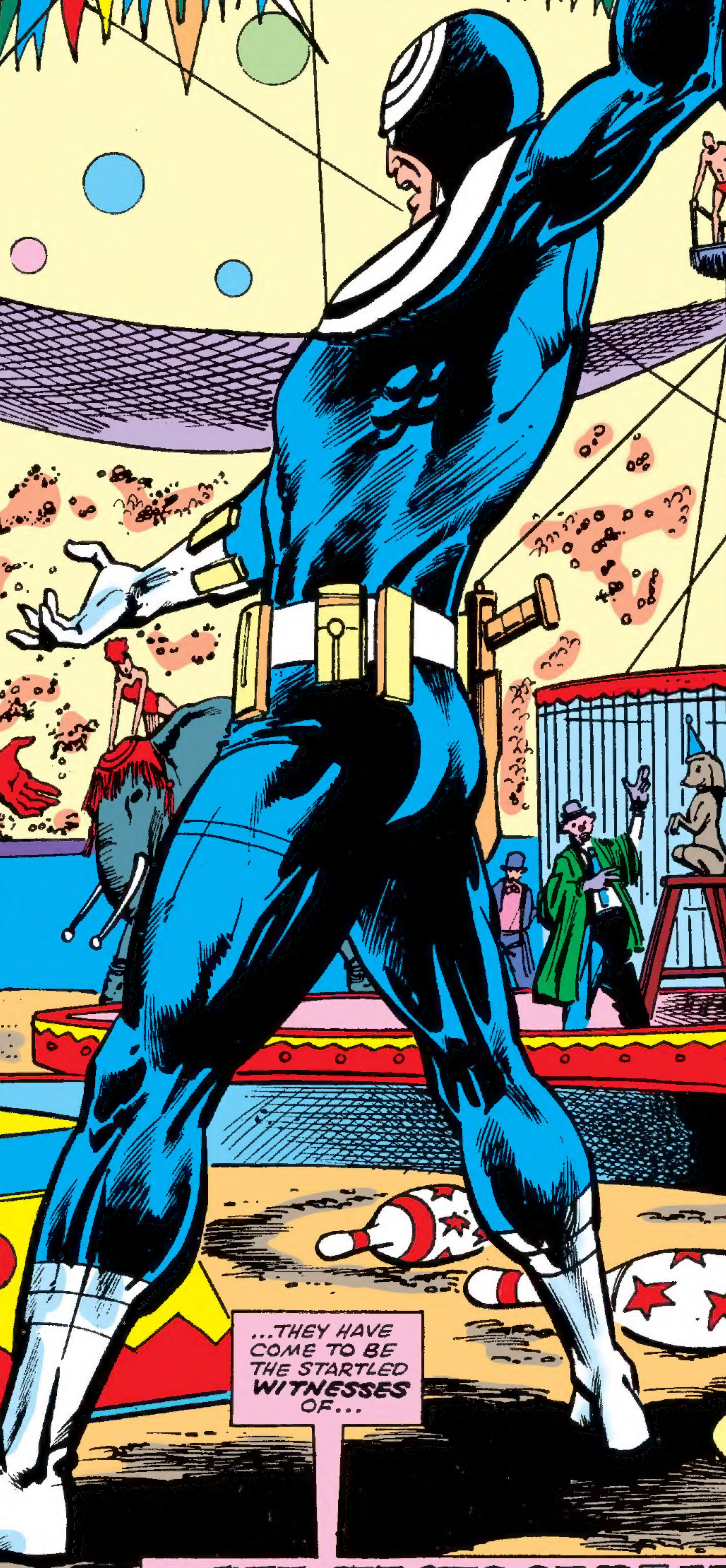




AND LET THE BATTLE
BEGIN!!

THERE IS A GASP--
THE CONFUSED
SHOUTS OF
THOUSANDS
ASSAIL DAREDEVIL'S
SUPER-SENSITIVE
EARS.

FOR, WHEN THE
LIGHTS BLINK
ON, THE CROWD
HAS SUDDENLY
DISCOVERED
THAT INSTEAD
OF WATCHING A
MADISON SQUARE
GARDEN THREE-
RING SHOW...



...THEY HAVE
COME TO BE
THE STARTLED
WITNESSES
OF...

...THE CIRCUS OF DEATH!

BE HERE IN THIRTY DAYS! YOU WON'T REGRET IT!

